

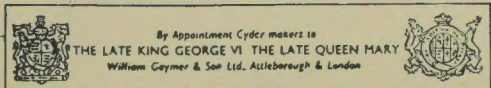
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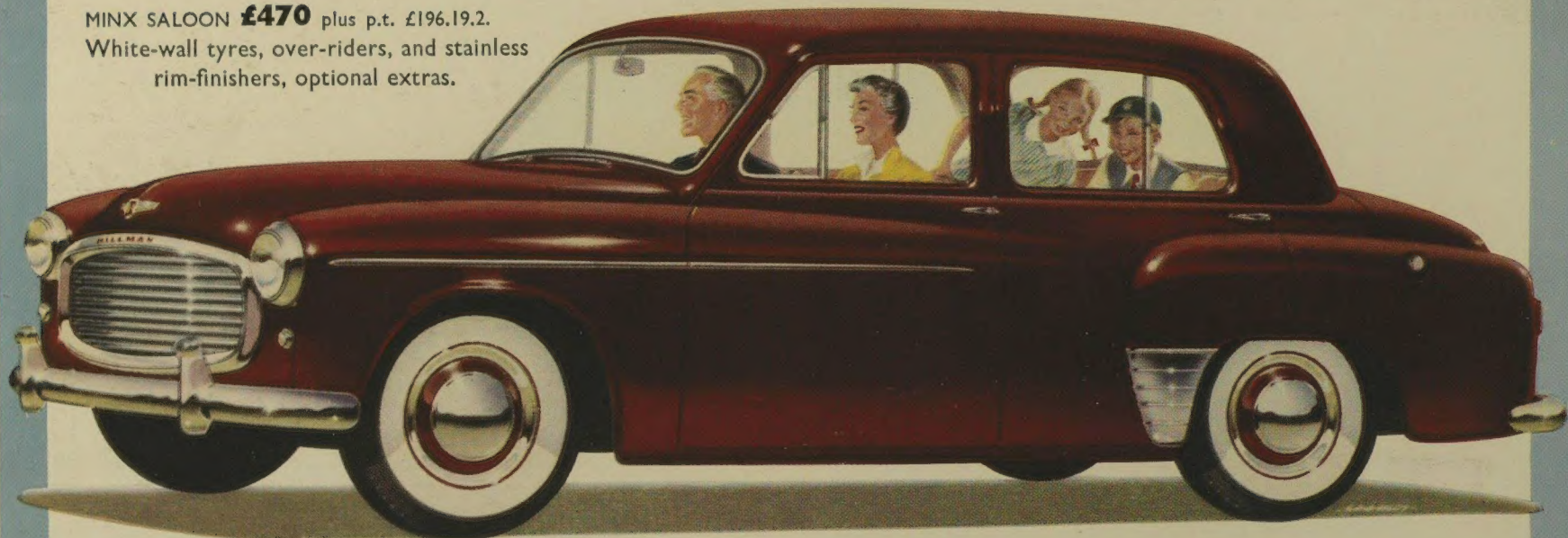


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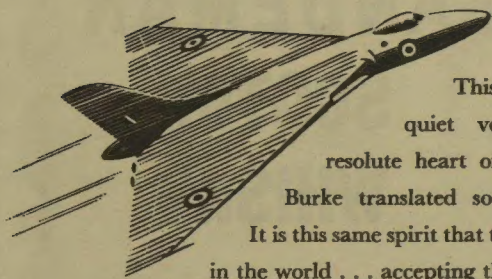
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“Public life is a situation of power and energy:
He trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch,
as well as he that goes over to the enemy”

EDMUND BURKE. 1729-1797



This Kentish miner is typical of the quiet voice, the strong face and the resolute heart of England. It was this spirit that Burke translated so fluently into these great words.

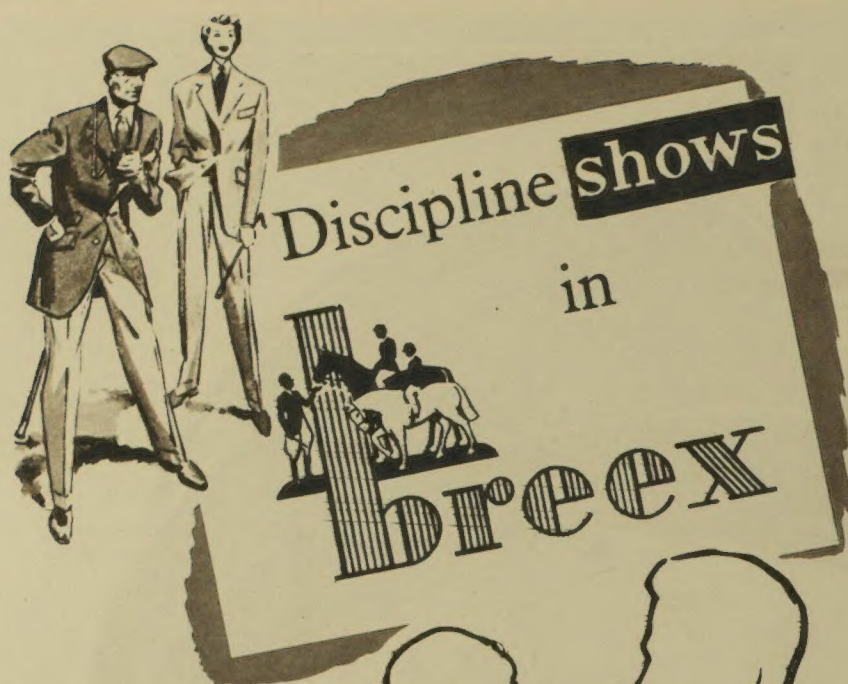
It is this same spirit that today stands as a bulwark of freedom in the world . . . accepting the fact that freedom is not, nor ever can be free and that security lies in a strong resolve and preparation against evil men and evil days. One of the leading British companies to shoulder this burden is the Hawker Siddeley Group, and one of the most important contributions to peace made by this great Group is the mighty Avro Vulcan. This is the first 4-jet Delta-wing bomber in the world and is a flying testimony to the success of Avro's pioneering concentration on the

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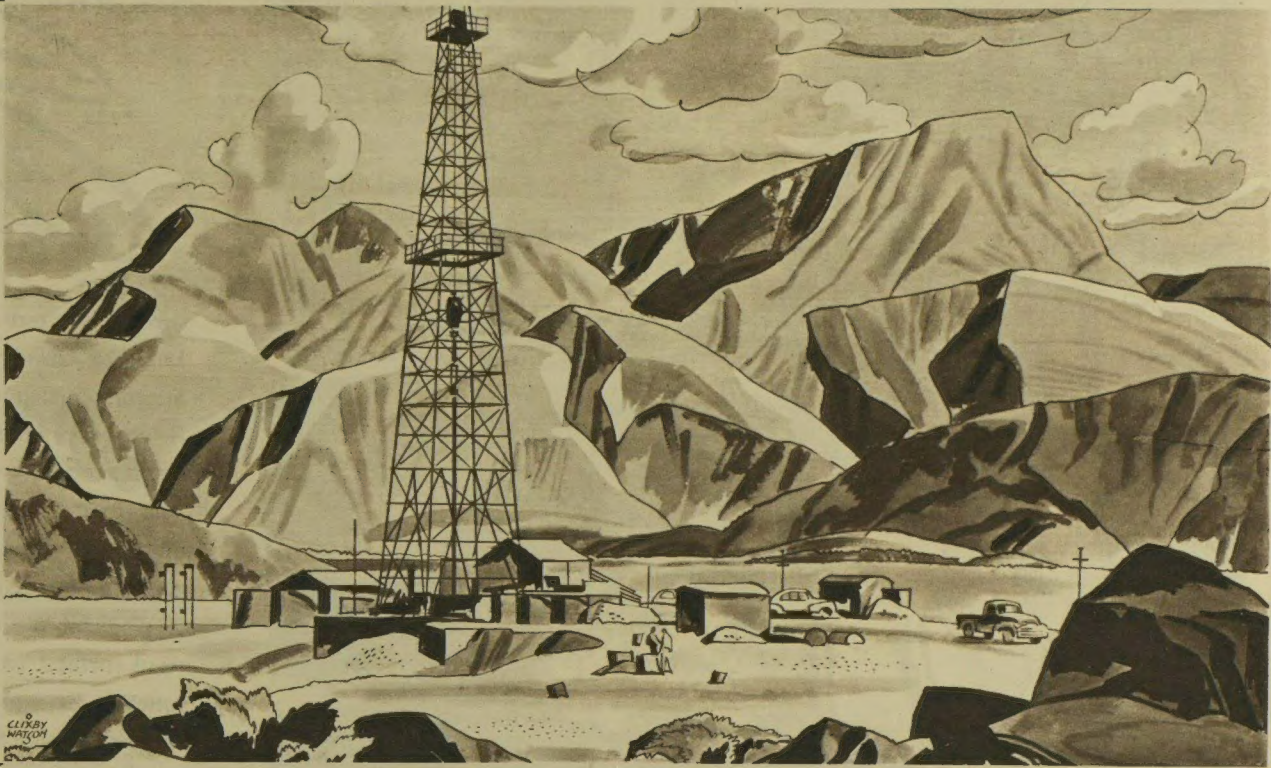


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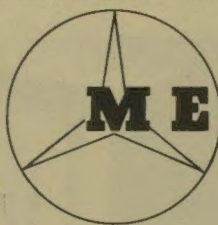
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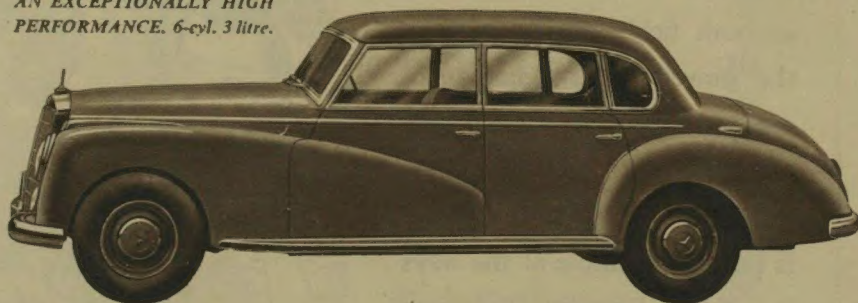
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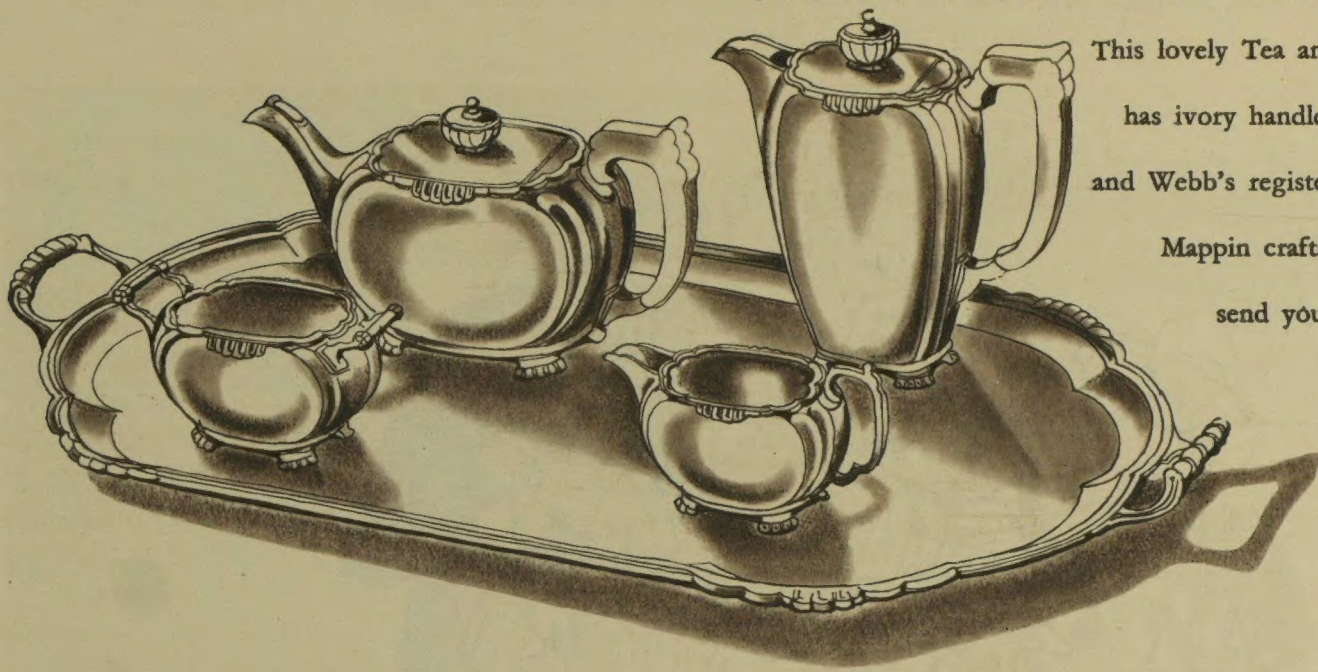
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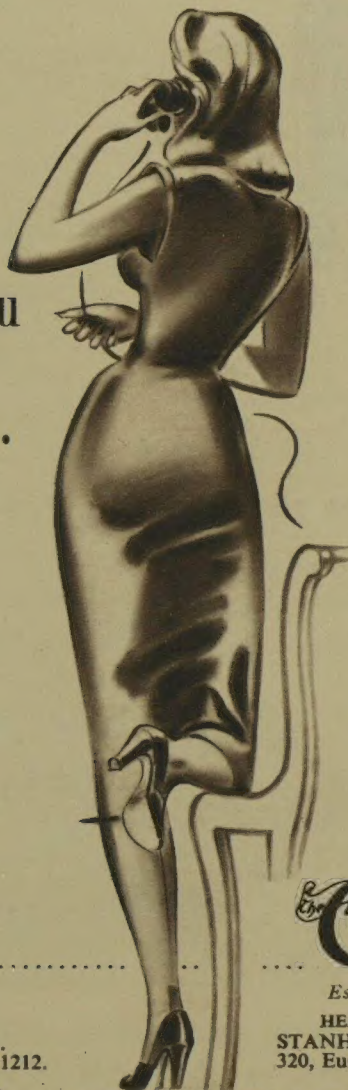
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SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1954.



OXFORD'S TRIUMPH IN THE 100TH BOAT RACE: THE DARK BLUE CREW LEADING AT THE APPROACH TO BARNES BRIDGE.

Oxford's decisive win by $4\frac{1}{2}$ lengths in the 100th Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Race was an extremely fine performance—unexpected, though not unforeseen as a possibility. The stiff south-westerly wind played its part in their victory, for they were superior to Cambridge in the rough water. Oxford won the toss, and chose the Surrey station, which promised shelter between Hammersmith and Chiswick Eyot. The first of the Surrey bends gave them a slight advantage and at Hammersmith Bridge they led by about a

canvas. The result of the race was settled in the Chiswick Reach. The wind was nearly dead ahead, and the water very rough; and Cambridge, in the middle of the river, lost a length in a short space of time. Off Duke's Meadows it looked as though Cambridge might come again; but Oxford made a good spurt at 30 and shot Barnes Bridge in 16 mins. 48 secs. with a lead of 11 seconds. They rowed to the finish with ease and confidence at 30 and reached the finish in 20 mins. 23 secs., a creditable time in the prevailing conditions.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW weeks ago on this page I referred to an incident during which a crowd at a cricket match threw bottles at an umpire, to some decision of whose they objected. By a slip of the pen I referred to the town in which the incident occurred as Bridgetown. This it was not, and I am all the more sorry to have made such a mistake because I have such happy memories of this particular Caribbean town—the capital of Barbados, almost our oldest West Indian colony. And wishing to apologise to Barbadians for this foolish slip, I have been reminded, and very pleasantly, of my visit more than twenty years ago to this charming town and island. It affords a kind of escapism from the present, and from the monotony of a scholar's life, to recall it.

And how vividly I remember it, and most of all my arrival there! It was on a January night a few hours after sundown that I first became aware of the island, my destination. I had left Plymouth about a fortnight before,

on Boxing Day, in a Biscay gale that continued all the way to the Azores. Normally a tolerable sailor, this was my Waterloo. Apart from the crew, only about half-a-dozen of the passengers were able to appear on deck during those initial days, while the rest of us lay in our cabins in a state of unrelieved and unrelievable misery. The ship, judging by our sensations, frequently seemed to leave the water altogether and perform a double somersault, while the crashing and banging on the bulkheads sounded like the bombardments in Northern France in the closing months of the first German War. I cannot say I was frightened, for I was far too miserable to care whether I was drowned or not; all I wanted was to be still, and for the eternal heaving and crashing to end. But had my mind and not my protesting stomach been in charge of me, I should fully have expected to see the vessel turn over at any minute. However, rather to my disappointment at the time, it failed to do so, and the first sign of returning life that I can recall was of crawling on to the deck during an oily and slowly declining swell and gazing enviously at the rocky cliffs of the Azores and wishing passionately that I was lying there among the stony fields and little white houses. After that, however, the voyage became suddenly and unexpectedly pleasant. The sea became calm, the sun shone, and my fellow passengers, the better as I for a five-days total abstinence from food, appeared on deck, in the dining-room and at the cocktail-bar. Indeed, I can look back on few periods so restful as the next few days. There were no posts, no letters to answer, and no particular reason for writing any, since none, mercifully, could be posted. I did not even have to write this weekly article, for I was not at that time employed to do so. I did a little work in a corner of the deck out of the wind, swam two or three times a day in the ship's bathing-pool, played deck-tennis, and enjoyed the company of those I had never met before, should probably never meet again, but who for a few days became the centre of my world. I had never before during my adult life enjoyed so complete a holiday, and probably never shall again.

A few days after passing the Azores we came to a delicious region—the latitude, I believe, of the Bahamas. The sea was a deep, calm blue, stirring so gently that the ship and its company were like some babe lying in its cradle, a warm sun shone all day without a break yet so temperately as to cause not the least discomfort, while the horizon, indescribably beautiful, was hung with pearly clouds that never for a moment threatened the serenity of the great arc of blue overhead. An air of quiet happiness pervaded everything and everyone; for a day we were like Milton's "bright æreal Spirits" that

live ensphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot
Which men call earth.

We may not have looked like them as we played quoits or sat sipping our dry martinis, but we felt like them! And somewhere, just beyond the

horizon, we were aware of islands—enchanted islands, with gardens made for immortals:

There eternal summer dwells
And west winds with musky wing
About the cedar's alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.

Yet we never saw the islands or landed there.

When we returned to the world—and it was the New World that I had never seen before—it was at Guadeloupe that we made our landfall. I was so happy on the ship that I did not go ashore; I sat all day and looked at this outpost of America while my fellow passengers inspected its streets, houses and schools. But a day later at Martinique—no historian could resist a name so rich in memories—I stepped ashore for the first time on

West Indian soil. I do not know if Martinique is still as it was then, or whether it has now been invaded, like so many other places, by American culture, jeeps and G.I.s. I hope it remains as it was, a chattering, jostling, gay, provincial French island where Latin Europe and transatlantic Africa mingled naturally and without inhibitions with a grace and exotic poetry of which colonial France alone has the recipe.

Then, to my delight—for I was by now wholly wedded, as I thought, to the sea and the life of the ship—we slipped away again through waters made as famous as any in the world by generations of valiant British, French, Spanish and Dutch seamen. But before night fell, my sea-pride had a fall. Out of the south there came, like a roll of thunder, a hot, whipping wind that almost in a moment turned the Caribbean into a mill-race of swirling water and great waves and tossed our 14,000-ton ship about as though it was a skiff in an April gale. In my confidence in my now well-found, as I supposed, sea-legs, I treated it at first as a thing of no account. But as I tried to pack my bags for Bridgetown, in my hot, swinging cabin, the sea quickly had me on my back. Every attempt I made to get up and go on with my task ended after a minute or two in the same way, with a bang and a crash and an ignominious, dizzy crawl back to my bunk. And then the storm ended as suddenly as it had begun, and, as I felt my capacity to stand upright returning, I staggered on to the deck for a little air. Then I became aware of magic. From the direction in which the ship was steaming through the darkness there came, long before the first lights of land were visible, a faint, delicate, delicious aroma. It was like the breath of some lovely woman, coming out of the darkness of the semi-tropical night. So, more than three hundred years before, the company of the *Olive Blossom*, driven from their course, must have first become aware of the Atlantic island that they were to give to England. "James, King of E. and of this Island," they inscribed on one of its trees after they landed on its leeward

shore, and from that day to this, thanks to its people's loyalty and steadfastness, it has never passed out of British hands. Even in Cromwellian days it remained loyal to the Crown and was the first place, in all his dominions, in which Charles II. was proclaimed King. "Little England" it is still called, and as "little England" I shall always think of it, with that first memory of being rowed in the stillness of the night from the waiting liner to its quayside, while the bells—like those that Justice Shallow heard at midnight—sounded the small hours across the quiet waters of the bay. Long may it flourish, green and serene, between the Atlantic and Caribbean, with its seventeenth-century parishes, its ancient Anglican churches, its noble avenues of cabbage-palm, and rolling hills of sugar-cane, and its House of Assembly, the second oldest in the Empire! And long may Barbadians, that loyal folk of two races, play the noblest and most English of games, treating their white-clad umpires with the same traditional reverence that they pay to the Speaker of their ancient Parliament!

THE NORWEGIAN ROYAL FAMILY BEREAVEMENT.



FORMERLY PRINCESS MÄRTHA OF SWEDEN; THE CROWN PRINCESS MÄRTHA OF NORWAY, WHOSE DEATH OCCURRED ON APRIL 5 AT THE AGE OF 53.

The death of the Crown Princess Märtha of Norway was announced on Monday, April 5. Her Royal Highness, formerly Princess Märtha of Sweden, had for recent years suffered from attacks of jaundice, but last December, after returning from convalescence in Florida, she had appeared to be improved in health. On March 13, just before the celebrations of her silver wedding to the Crown Prince Olaf (they were married on March 21, 1929) were to have taken place, she was admitted to hospital, and the celebrations, which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother had arranged to attend, were cancelled. On March 21, the Crown Princess had seemed a little better, and had been able to see the Crown Prince, King Haakon, her mother, Princess Ingeborg of Sweden, and her children when they visited the hospital; but her condition worsened subsequently, and she became unconscious and died peacefully on April 5. The Crown Prince Olaf, who is nearly related to our Royal family through his mother, the late Queen Maud of Norway (a daughter of Edward VII.), is well known in this country, as was the late Crown Princess. Much sympathy is felt here with the Norwegian and Swedish Royal families in their loss.

DISCOVERIES, ACCIDENTS AND RETURNS,
AND THE EGYPTIAN POLITICAL CRISIS.



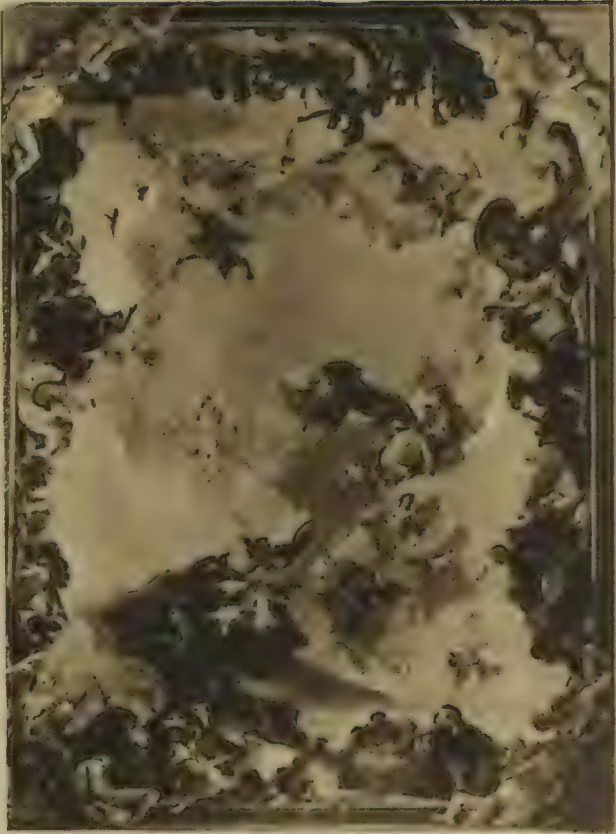
DRAWN BY A BOY FROM THE BANKS OF THE WITHAM: A FINE ANGLO-SAXON SWORD OF THE NINTH CENTURY.

This Anglo-Saxon sword, one of the finest ever found in England, was found by an eleven-year-old boy, Walter Newsome, in the banks of the River Witham, Lincs.; and has been presented to Sheffield City Museum. It is 36 ins. long and the pommel has silver and niello decoration.



THE NEW CORONATION BELL OF ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET, BEING HAULED INTO POSITION, UP THE INTERIOR OF WREN'S LOVELY STEEPLE.

The Coronation Bell, which reached St. Bride's Church on March 29 and was installed in the unique and lovely Wren steeple during the week following, has been cast from metal salvaged from the peal of twelve bells which were destroyed in the air raids. It will be first rung on April 13.



A COMPLETELY UNKNOWN TIEPOLO PAINTING—"OLYMPUS AND THE FOUR CONTINENTS"—FOUND IN A HENDON HOTEL.

This painting (about 6 ft. by 4 ft.), let into the ceiling of the Hendon Hall Hotel, in a dark corner and only about 8 ft. up, has been recently identified as an oil-on-canvas study for Tiepolo's great ceiling in the Residenz at Würzburg. The hotel is in a building which once belonged to David Garrick, and he may have been the original purchaser.



AND YET THE PILOT STEPPED OUT UNHURT. . . . A VIVID PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ACCIDENT ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER *ORISKANY*.

In this accident, the aircraft, a McDonnell *Banshee* naval fighter, when coming in to land, struck the edge of the flight-deck and broke in two. The blazing fuel was thrown over the deck and the forward part of the aircraft turned turtle. Despite this, the pilot stepped out unhurt.



WELCOMED HOME TO KENT: THE 1ST BATTALION, THE QUEEN'S OWN ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT, MARCHING, WITH BAYONETS FIXED, THROUGH THE STREETS OF MAIDSTONE.

On April 3 the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, was given a civic reception in Maidstone, on its return from three years' service in Malaya. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment and who visited them in Malaya in 1952, inspected the battalion at the Invicta Lines.



COLONEL NASSER, THE EGYPTIAN DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER, SURROUNDED BY CHEERING AND CONGRATULATORY DEMONSTRATORS IN THE STREETS OF CAIRO.

On April 4 the Egyptian Council of the Revolutionary Command held its third meeting in four days under the guidance of Colonel Nasser, to discuss measures "to protect the revolution." Major Mohieddin, a consistent supporter of General Neguib, has, however, resigned, and was expected to leave Egypt. General Neguib has been ordered by his doctors to rest.



SOME OF THE HEAVY WRECKAGE OF THE *COMET* WHICH CRASHED NEAR ELBA LYING ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. *VANGUARD*, WHEN IT ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH ON APRIL 2.

The recovery of the wreckage of the *Comet* airliner which crashed into the sea near Elba on January 10 was stated, on March 31, to be virtually complete, except for the tail. On March 25 and 26 chartered Italian trawlers recovered a number of fragments, including instruments, and, on March 31, the heaviest single piece of wreckage, the whole fore-end of the aircraft.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS IN SOUTH AND WESTERN AUSTRALIA: SCENES IN ADELAIDE AND IN PERTH.



AT PERTH AIRPORT ON MARCH 30: THE QUEEN DURING AN INSPECTION OF MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL CAR COMPANY PROVIDED BY THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY FOR THE ROYAL TOUR.



(ABOVE.) ATTENDING A RECEPTION ARRANGED BY THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA: THE QUEEN IN BONYTHON HALL, ADELAIDE, ON MARCH 24. OVER A THOUSAND WOMEN WERE PRESENT AND THE PROGRAMME INCLUDED A MUSICAL RECITAL.



IN HONOUR OF THE QUEEN AT WAYVILLE OVAL, ADELAIDE: THE ROYAL STANDARD FORMED BY 7000 CHILDREN DURING ONE OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR RALLIES OF THE TOUR.

On March 23 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, who were then visiting South Australia and staying in Adelaide, saw one of the most spectacular rallies of its kind of the whole tour when they watched a display at Wayville Oval in which 90,000 children took part. A highlight of the rally, the Royal Standard formed by 7000 children, is shown on this page. On the following day the Queen attended a reception, arranged by the National Council of Women of South Australia, in Bonython Hall. Over a thousand women were present and a programme of songs included folk songs by a country choir. The Queen attended another women's



AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, PERTH: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WHO SAW SOME OF AUSTRALIA'S MORE UNUSUAL MARSUPIALS.

reception on March 29 at the University of Western Australia in Perth, while the Duke was shown some of Australia's more unusual marsupials, including a quokka and a numbat. The quokka, which resembles a large rat, had a very small baby in its pouch. When this was shown to the Duke he is reported to have said: "Better cover it up or it'll get cold." On March 30, before the Queen left Perth Airport for Busselton, she inspected members of the Royal car company provided by the Australian Army, which was responsible for the driving and maintenance of the large fleet of vehicles engaged in road movements during the Royal tour.

THE ROYAL TOUR: SCENES DURING THE LAST DAYS IN AUSTRALIA, AND IN THE COCOS ISLANDS.



(ABOVE.) PLACING THE BOUQUET SHE WAS PRESENTING TO THE QUEEN ON A STOOL: A SMALL ABORIGINE GIRL CURTSEYING TO HER MAJESTY AT THE GOLD-MINING TOWN OF KALGOORLIE



PLANTING A MEMORIAL TREE IN KING'S PARK: HER MAJESTY IN PERTH. OWING TO POLIO PRECAUTIONS, THE CHROMIUM-PLATED SPADE WAS WRAPPED IN A CLOTH BEFORE IT WAS HANDED TO THE QUEEN.



(ABOVE.) AT THE WHARF AT FREMANTLE ON APRIL 1: MR. MENZIES, THE PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA, BIDDING FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN. [Radio photograph.]



(ABOVE.) DURING THEIR VISIT TO THE COCOS-KEELING ISLANDS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH MR. AND MRS. JOHN CLUNIES-ROSS. (Radio photograph.)

ON March 26 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh flew more than 1400 miles from Adelaide to Perth. The Royal visitors broke their journey at the gold-mining town of Kalgoorlie, where the first of the measures taken to protect the Queen from any undue risk of infection from the outbreak of poliomyelitis went into operation. No handshakes were allowed, and although the motions of presenting bouquets were made, the flowers were not actually handed to the Queen. Although her Majesty's programme of engagements in Western Australia was modified, the substitution of outdoor for indoor gatherings added to, rather than detracted from, the success of this

[Continued opposite.]



"HOW SAD WE ARE TO BE LEAVING THE SHORES OF YOUR WONDERFUL LAND": THE ROYAL LINER GOTHIC WITH HER MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BOARD, SAILING FROM FREMANTLE. [Radio photograph.]

[Continued.] last part of the Australian tour. Instead of staying at Government House in Perth, the Queen and the Duke drove back to the liner *Gothic* at Fremantle every night. On April 1 the memorable two-months tour of Australia came to an end when her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh sailed from Fremantle in the Royal liner at the beginning of their long homeward voyage. As the *Gothic* headed seawards and the sound of the cheering and singing faded away, the Queen broadcast her farewell to the people of Australia which ended with the words: "And now I say good-bye—God be with you—until the next time I can visit Australia."

"NEW GLORY TO FRENCH ARMS": THE EPIC DEFENCE OF DIEN BIEN PHU.



THE EVACUATION OF WOUNDED FROM DIEN BIEN PHU: LOADING STRETCHERS ON A HELICOPTER, WHILE THE RED CROSS FLAG IS PROMINENTLY DISPLAYED ON THE RIGHT.



WAITING THEIR TURN: WOUNDED MEN ON STRETCHERS AT DIEN BIEN PHU. COMMUNISTS HAVE IGNORED REQUESTS TO REFRAIN FROM FIRING ON RED CROSS AIRCRAFT.



WAITING FOR THE NEXT ATTACK: MEMBERS OF THE DIEN BIEN PHU GARRISON AT THE ALERT. THE ENEMY ASSAULTS ON MARCH 27 AND FOLLOWING DAYS WERE DRIVEN BACK.



THE HARD-PRESSED GARRISON OF DIEN BIEN PHU: TWO MEN WATCHING FOR SIGNS OF ENEMY ACTIVITY, WHILE THEIR COMRADES SNATCH A MOMENT'S REPOSE.



A COUNTER-ATTACK BY FRENCH UNION TROOPS UNDER HEAVY FIRE: MEMBERS OF THE GALLANT GARRISON HAVE MADE NUMEROUS SORTIES.

The epic defence of Dien Bien Phu by the garrison of French, Vietnamese paratroops, Algerian, Moroccan and Thai soldiers and Foreign Legionaries under Colonel de Castries has been watched by the whole world. On April 2 M. Plevin, French Defence Minister, in an order of the day, declared that the garrison had "earned the admiration of the free world, the pride and gratitude of France," and that their courage "adding new glory to French arms would be an example for ever." Since our report published in our issue of April 3, Dien Bien Phu has held fast;

and it would seem that for the moment the defence had broken the weight of the Vietminh attack. The French High Command claimed on April 4 that "the second phase" of the battle had been won. The Communists were stated to be withdrawing from the south-east corner of the defences, containing Bald Head Hill, the only high point in the defence box; which has so far resisted all attempts to overrun it. Paratroop reinforcements were dropped last week-end. The enemy attacked the north and north-western sectors on April 5: and were driven back.

DIEN BIEN PHU: THE HEAT OF BATTLE AND THE WORK OF MERCY.



THE FIERCE BATTLE FOR DIEN BIEN PHU, DEFENDED BY A GARRISON OF FRENCH UNION TROOPS AND FOREIGN LEGIONARIES UNDER COLONEL DE CASTRIES: AN AERIAL VIEW OF A SECTOR OF THE DEFENCE BOX DURING THE HEAVY FIGHTING WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN TAKING PLACE.



ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFICULTIES OF ATTENDING TO THE WOUNDED: A SCENE AT THE BACK LINE DURING THE FIGHTING FOR THE DEFENCE OF DIEN BIEN PHU, WITH AIRCRAFT AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF BATTLE SMOKE, AND, IN THE FOREGROUND, A "SURGICAL TENT" FOR FIRST AID. SERIOUS CASES HAVE BEEN EVACUATED BY AIRCRAFT.

The difficulties of succouring the wounded in the battle for Dien Bien Phu are great. During the severe fighting of the last weeks French casualties have been heavy and field hospital space has been filled to overflowing. The Communists have ignored requests to allow transports to reach French wounded; and appeals to refrain from firing on Red Cross aircraft. General Navarre on April 3 broadcast a message from Hanoi to the Vietminh command stating that an unarmed

Red Cross aircraft would land at Dien Bien Phu; that all French guns would cease fire; that it would be watched from the air by neutral observers and international correspondents; and that Colonel de Castries would announce in advance over the radio the expected time of its arrival. At the time of writing it is not known what response this evoked. From Washington it was reported on April 4 that the situation in Indo-China had been the subject of high-level conferences.

A BRITISH SAILOR'S LIFE IN THE TIME OF NAPOLEON.

"THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN WETHERELL"; Edited and with an Introduction By C. S. FORESTER.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THREE years ago Messrs. Joseph published a volume called "The Letters of Private Wheeler, 1809-1828": the work of one of Wellington's soldiers, who happened to be in the ranks, well educated, a man of taste, and a talented writer. A companion volume from the Senior Service now comes from the same publishers. There can never be too many of these "finds." Our modern wars have had their drawbacks, but nobody can say that they have suffered from a lack of first-hand documentation. The politicians, the field marshals, the subalterns, the privates, the prisoners, the escapers, have all told their stories in quantities; and the number of narratives published is probably small in comparison with that of the manuscripts which have circulated round the satiated publishers, and returned to chests-of-drawers and suitcases, from which the survivors will emerge in 2053, to be triumphantly unveiled, say, by the then venerable, and even august, House of Michael Joseph. But in former days that was not so. We may get from Froissart vivid descriptions of pomp and circumstance, terrifying accounts of sieges and slaughters, lucid outlines of, for instance, the tactics used at Poitiers. But, humane as he was, he consorted with kings and earls and knights; and his narrative would be powerfully reinforced could we recover the journal of one who was a bowman at Crecy, just as Chaucer's jolly picture of Edwardian England is supplemented by the poverty-stricken panorama of "Piers Plowman." By the same token, how we should welcome the diary or memoirs of a sailor before the mast who sailed round the world with the *Golden Hind*, or a trooper who served under Prince Rupert during the Great Rebellion. Kipling assures us that "The Colonel's lady an' Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins!" So are the Colonel and Judy's husband, in a sense—theologically the position is unassailable. But though, at critical moments, their emotions, wills and thoughts may move in perfect accord, each, in more normal times, sees, suffers and thinks things beyond the other's experience: and we need the evidence of both to form an adequate impression of an era or an experience. I need scarcely add that the evidence is of no avail unless the witness is capable of expressing himself intelligently, clearly, without stammering and without more than the normal amount of human mendacity.

John Wetherell is certainly a valuable accession to our archives about a sailor's life in the Napoleonic era. He was not so nice a man as Private Wheeler. Were Wheeler to enter my study "at this moment

that he had made an attempt, by laying on his crude charm, to induce the young and inexperienced daughter of the village grocer to run away with him. For his grumbling he certainly had some excuse. Just as he had finished his apprenticeship in the Merchant Navy and was waiting to go to sea again (it was 1803, he was twenty-three, and war was about to be resumed), he was quite illegally "pressed," or kidnapped, into the Navy. There was explanation for it, if not justification. As Mr. Forester says in his Introduction—he has edited and cut the book which, after unexplained adventures, turned up in a New York

population of France being much greater than that of England, a war of attrition by capture would suit him. So the honest tars settled down to a long captivity, never doubting that "Old England" would win in the end. They were starved and swindled, they met good gaolers and bad, but they exchanged information and taught each other, and in the end regarded their prison as a University. It was not merely a University, but a University with a first-class band, all the instruments having been painfully acquired by the sacrifice of daily sous, and painfully learnt by the pooling of knowledge.

When liberation came these hundreds of seamen marched the whole length of France with their band leading them, playing tunes French and English. At one stage they would be badly treated—a guard murdered one tired man for lagging—and the population (not yet knowing which way the cat would finally jump) scowled. At another, nothing but kindness was met and the townspeople were delighted by the band. In the end, they all fell into clover. And especially Wetherell. At Richelieu they stayed for some time. "We had ten or twelve Gentlemen belonging the city joined us, and attended regular every afternoon. Our host Mr. Blanchard kept the decanter ready to wet the Instruments; in fact we had far too much wine. One or the other continually were having us at their houses. The Mayor and several other Gentlemen requested us to play a little while every evening (when the weather was fine) in the grand Square. This greatly amused the inhabitants. They made it their business every evening to meet in the square and pass an hour in mirth and friendship. We became so far acquainted with the young ladies that we gave them a ball every Sunday evening on the green outside the gates. We were also invited to play in the Theatre and we had our fishing, shooting, and all sorts of simple Amusement with the gentlemen of the city."

Wetherell's gratitude took the form of arranging for the Mayor's daughter to elope with him—a penniless ex-prisoner on the march. The Mayor caught them up, saved his daughter and forgave Lothario, instead of giving him a box-on-the-ear. But Wetherell had a way with him. His drawings in this book of engagements, fortifications and storms have something about them of Hollar and something of Japanese prints, and he must have been a first-class raconteur.

His diary—written up afterwards—has been drastically cut. He migrated to America, returned to



"THE DUTCH INDIA SHIP SHORT'NING SAIL TO SPEAK THE HUSSAR AND HEAR THE NEWSE FROM EUROPE."

The Dutchman shows his red sides and two rows of gunports as Wetherell describes. He has backed his main topsail and is lowering his studding sails on the booms. It is noticeable that he has the old-fashioned lateen sail on his mizzen, unlike the trim and modern *Hussar*, who has every stitch of sail set, studding sails aloft and aloft in order to catch up with her prey.

auction-room—immediately after the Treaty of Amiens was signed the Navy was cut to the quick, which is the usual procedure in this country. Crisis immediately followed. "There were a few half-manned ships, and the rest of the Navy had been laid up under the smallest care and maintenance parties. In a day or two, not more, the French privateers would be out, and in hardly longer Napoleon would have his fleets at sea, and it was his boast that he only needed command of the Channel for twenty-four hours to be able to dictate peace on English soil. It was of the most pressing importance to reman the Navy, and every rule and regulation went by the board. Wetherell had provided himself with a 'protection' as a carpenter, which in the previous war would have been sufficient to keep him out of the hands of the press gang, but as it was, it only served to mark him out as the first man to be seized." There was an emergency, and it is no good our holding up our hands in holy horror. We had a Press Gang during the last war, and it affected people called Bevin Boys. Gallant boys went before tribunals and begged to be allowed to go to the front and fight for their country, or avenge their brothers, and were sternly told: "Down the Mine you must go."

When Wetherell went to sea he certainly had reason to grumble: he served under a bestial sadistic Captain whom he despised all the more because he was a barber's son who had risen from the Lower Deck. Some of his stories about service under this man might have come out of Smollett's novels about maritime squalor in an earlier age. Before very long, however, he was shipwrecked on the French

coast, and he and his mates were marched hundreds of miles across France to a prison above the Meuse. There he spent eleven years.

And it is after his capture that his story becomes exciting and valuable, and, for all I know to the contrary, unique. I can't remember any accounts (except that in "Peter Simple" about an officers' prison) of prisons for sailors in France during the Napoleonic Wars—though the Navy Records Society may have published some. But Wetherell's is fascinating. Napoleon, breaking his word, as usual, declined exchanges: he had calculated that, the



"THE CREW OF THE HUSSAR DROVE BY THE TEMPEST ON SHORE NEAR BREST IN FRANCE." IN THE BOATS SAILS ARE BEING BLOWN TO RIBBONS AND THE OVERCROWDING IS VISIBLY ILLUSTRATED.

Illustrations, from pen and wash drawings by Wetherell, reproduced from the book "The Adventures of John Wetherell"; by courtesy of the publisher, Michael Joseph.



JOHN WETHERELL IS SHIPWRECKED OFF THE FRENCH COAST. "THE SITUATION OF THE HUSSAR AT THE TIME SHE FIRST STRUCK ON THE GLENAN ROCKS, JAN. 10TH, 1804."

She was driven far aground, as shown by the breakers astern of her. The minute gun is being fired. Sheets and halliards have been let go. St. Glenan Church is well shown, and the fishing fleet in harbour.

of writing "I should be delighted to see him, to tempt him to panegyrics on Spanish landscape and to ask him for suggestions about promoting the welfare of the troops on active service. Were Wetherell to walk in I should expect a mixture of grumbling, vainglorious boasting (not unmixed with a legitimate pride in his country and his shipmates) followed by the uninvited production of a fiddle and a song, and (if I told him to go out and amuse himself for the evening) a rumour

the sea, and had more hardships and disappointments. Mr. Forester can certainly be trusted to have made the best possible selection from his "literary remains"; but my curiosity has been so roused by it that I should rather like to see the rest. What, for example, were the "reactions" of this determined, critical man—exhilarated when lucky, embittered when unfortunate—to America? He certainly throws light on France.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 588 of this issue.



A MOST DRAMATIC PICTURE OF A FIRE AT SEA: THE BRITISH TROOPSHIP *EMPIRE WINDRUSH*, WITH SMOKE AND FLAMES BILLOWING UP FROM HER DECKS AS SHE BLAZES FIERCELY OFF ALGIERS; AND WITH PASSENGERS AND CREW TAKING TO THE LIFEBOATS.

The British troopship *Empire Windrush*, which caught fire in the Mediterranean, some twenty miles west of Algiers, on March 28, with the loss of four of her crew, sank two days later while being towed towards Gibraltar by the destroyer H.M.S. *Saintes*. The remainder of her crew and all of the 1500 Servicemen and their families were rescued and safely landed at Algiers, where they were cared for by the French authorities. Later the survivors were embarked in the aircraft carrier H.M.S. *Triumph* and the destroyer H.M.S. *St. Kitts*, and taken to Gibraltar,

where chartered aircraft flew them to England. In a cablegram to the Commanding Officer of the troops in the *Empire Windrush*, Lieut.-Colonel R. W. H. Scott, of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Mr. Head, Minister for War, congratulated him and all ranks under his command on their "discipline, steadiness and general conduct," during the terrible fire. "You have set a high example, and the absence of serious casualties reflects the greatest credit on yourself and all others concerned." Early photographs of the disaster appeared in our last issue.

RECENTLY I wrote of a centenary, the first centenary of the Crimean War. Another falls this year, the fourth centenary of the marriage of Mary Queen of England and the Prince of Spain, shortly to become Philip II. This fourth centenary is equally well remembered as a bare fact, but less familiar in significance and detail. From the Queen's point of view it was a pathetic match, though she fell in love with her husband and had indeed persuaded herself that she loved him before she laid eyes upon him. She was eleven years his senior and had actually been betrothed in infancy to his father. It was an unpopular match with the majority of her subjects. Yet it was also natural. It accorded with the policy of the Emperor Charles V., who desired to cement the imperial and Spanish friendship with the English Crown which he had established with Henry VIII. For the Queen it was more than politically desirable. Spain was the country of her unhappy and ill-treated mother. The Emperor was also Charles I. of Spain, and he was the Queen's best friend in Europe, perhaps her only great and powerful friend—but then he was the greatest and most powerful sovereign in the world.

When Mary had made up her mind to a course of action, nothing would deflect her from it. To achieve this marriage on which she had set her heart she had to defeat two revolts, a minor one in the West, and the far more serious rising led by the brave ruffian Sir Thomas Wyatt. Both London and Westminster all but fell into his hands, and the arrows of his bowmen dropped among the buildings of Whitehall. The Queen came well out of the affair, as did most of the Protestant nobility. Mary's greatest virtue was her bravery. She would not fly, as she was urged to, and she maintained her composure. Her triumph may have restored her popularity only to a slight degree, but it made the marriage easier. The Spanish Prince arrived with a great and glittering retinue in July. The wedding took place at Winchester and, deeply as Protestant opinion resented it, England was not predominantly Protestant, while the splendours and profusion of the festivities were gratifying. She had won her war and her Prince, who remained with her for some fourteen months, but paid only one brief further visit to England in 1557, then as King of Spain.

So England was linked for a moment to the Empire, and then, on the abdication of Charles V. and the splitting of his dominions, to Spain. Yet Spain, with the Dukedom of Burgundy and the Netherlands, the Italian possessions, the vast territories and wealth of the Americas, was still the greatest Power in the world. For the time the loss of the Empire seemed a consolidation rather than a lopping—and in any case the Empire remained in the family. England was in the Spanish orbit. Philip was King of England. His name stands upon Acts of Parliament. An Irish county was named after him, and though King's County has gone back to its former title of Offaly, the old name is not forgotten and Philipstown remains. The King gave his name to one of the greatest of English heroes and most brilliant of poets when he stood godfather to Sir Henry Sidney's infant son, whose quater-centenary also falls this year.

Yet anti-Spanish, or at least nationalist, sentiment gained one notable success. After the signature of the marriage treaty on Jan. 12, 1554, but before the marriage, Parliament by statute invested the regal power in the Queen as fully as it had ever been vested in a King, and in so doing made an end of the doctrine that a woman could not succeed to the Throne in her own right. After pointing out that the Crown ought to appertain and belong to Mary "in as full, large, and ample manner as it hath done heretofore to any other her most noble progenitors, Kings of this realm," the Act went on to declare that, despite doubts aroused by the word "King" in the ancient statutes of the realm, all that a King might have and do "the Queen (being supreme Governess, possessor and inheritor to the imperial crown of this realm as our Sovereign Lady the Queen most justly presently is) may by the same authority and power likewise have, exercise, execute, punish, correct and do."

By an Act of 1 & 2 Philip and Mary the statutes of Richard II., Henry IV. and Henry V. against heresy were revived. By another all statutes made against the See Apostolic of Rome were repealed; but the holders of the abbey lands secured their rights in them as their price for this reconciliation. Out went perhaps three-fourths of the country parsons, but as much, if not more, on the grounds of marriage as on that of doctrine. In relatively recent times it has been discovered that some of them tucked away their wives in their villages and retained their cures. Cardinal Pole, bearing with him the Pope's unwilling assent to this provision, arrived in England and solemnly absolved the realm from its schism. Then came the horrors by which the reign is chiefly recorded in the popular mind: the burnings at the stake.

In the popular mind also Philip is associated with the burnings. He was no stranger to the practice, and he was a bigot. Yet he had advised the Queen to handle religious affairs with moderation. He was by nature, if we cannot say more moderate, at least less immoderate, and more cautious than she. By the marriage terms he was to lose all rights on Mary's death, but who can say what at that time were his ideas about the prospects of exploiting his descent from John of Gaunt? In some ways he was, for a foreigner, an acute observer. As Professor Neale has

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. PHILIP AND MARY—THE QUATER-CENTENARY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.



SON OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES V. AND HUSBAND OF MARY I. OF ENGLAND: PHILIP II. OF SPAIN; A PORTRAIT. ATTRIBUTED TO SOFONISBA ANGIUSCIOLA.

Philip of Spain, son of the Emperor Charles V., was styled King of England after his marriage to Mary I. "The Spanish Prince arrived with a great and glittering retinue. . . . The wedding took place at Winchester. . . . She [the Queen] had won her war and her Prince, who remained with her for some fourteen months, but paid only one brief further visit to England in 1557, then as King of Spain." Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.



THE DAUGHTER OF HENRY VIII. AND KATHARINE OF ARAGON: QUEEN MARY I.—"A SAD QUEEN WHOSE REIGN WAS MISERABLE": A PORTRAIT BY HANS ESWORTH.

Mary I., daughter of Henry VIII. and his first wife, Katharine of Aragon, was born on February 8, 1516, and reigned from 1553-58. Her marriage to Philip, then Prince and afterwards King of Spain, took place on July 25, 1554. "It was an unpopular match with the majority of her subjects. . . . For the Queen it was more than politically desirable." Reproduced by Courtesy of the Society of Antiquaries.

pointed out, he realised the danger to the power of the Crown in the influx of gentry into the House of Commons as representatives of the boroughs, which ought in theory to have returned genuine burgesses, because he saw that the gentry were much more likely than shopkeepers to curb the Royal authority. He intervened in quite a friendly way in favour of the Princess Elizabeth, who was in a dangerous position. No, we cannot shuffle Mary's intolerance on to Philip's shoulders. She was intolerance personified.

She was a sad Queen, whose reign was miserable. She knew a little happiness in the first year of her marriage, but then gloom, the terrible darkness of the honest and convinced persecutor, descended upon her. Her hopes of a child—and her child would have been heir to the Duchy of Burgundy, including the Netherlands, provided the Spaniards kept their promise—died. Even when the King was out of the country it was as though the Crown was foreign. Even in the military field the alliance with an all-conquering Power failed her. Her troops were indeed present—but little more than present—when the King's General, Emmanuel Philibert, won the great victory of Saint-Quentin, but the war into which Philip had drawn her realm brought her no good. Philip did not save Calais for her, and Parliament did not grant enough for her to save it. It fell in January 1558, and the Queen did not live out the year. Her kinsman the Cardinal, almost equally unhappy, did not live out the day of her death.

Among our monarchs she is one of the most courageous, conscientious, unwise and unpopular. Not for her those masterpieces of generalship in the conduct of rearward actions, never maintained to the last unless the opposition drew off, which distinguished her sister. Elizabeth, for example, could not get the Church she wanted—I think it is safe to say with a celibate clergy—but she saved a lot from the wreck of her ideal by her skill in retreat. Mary did not know the meaning of retreat or manœuvre. And, whereas even the Peter Wentworths revered Elizabeth and went down on their knees to pray for her, Mary could not inspire enthusiasm even among those who saw eye to eye with her. She had bad luck in her time. She would never have made a successful Queen of England, but she ascended the throne when her characteristics and qualities most clearly doomed her to failure. It was a sad fate, because she loved her country, and yet it was merited. The execution of Lady Jane Grey along with Wyatt was monstrous. Elizabeth might have been forced to do the like, but she would have twisted, argued, prevaricated and dawdled in the cause of mercy.

Philip passed on to his fate, to live another forty years and to see before he died a sensible weakening in the great realm to which he had succeeded, though Spanish power still remained immense. With real ability, unflinching determination and a lucid mind, he failed to get the best from the cards in his hand. Patience was a virtue in him, but patience can be excessive, and he was too patient. The late Duke of Alba once remarked to me that Philip was the ancestor of the modern Civil Servant: he knew nearly everything in the political field, understood nearly all of it, read every document that came in—and more often than not did nothing, except annotate his correspondence forcibly and acutely in the margin. His powers of work were prodigious and continued after he was physically worn out. One of the most pathetic pieces of furniture I know is the wretched little camp-stool on which he rested his ulcerated leg while he worked at his desk in the Escorial. Within view of the room is the body of the great church in its magnificence. The palace was all for God, with the minimum for the King.

Philip possesses a life or liveliness which Mary has never attained and is unlikely to attain, because he is so much the greater and more interesting figure. To-day it is not only his own countrymen who are fascinated by the age and even the man. English students also have begun to come under his spell. Their verdicts are at the worse less abruptly hostile than of old. Here is a queer kind of revenge for the spider who sat at the centre of the Spanish web, who bore disappointment and adversity with as much courage as he faced the weaknesses of his flesh. Spaniards are grateful to him because he was all Spaniard in sympathies, whereas his father, though he loved Spain, was only about three-quarters. *The Times* remarked the other day that we should be fortunate if we left such a mark upon and memory in our West Indian colonies as Spain has in the nations of the New World which broke away from her rule. Philip II. is the best representative of Spanish colonial administration.

Where Philip and Mary alike failed and Elizabeth succeeded—though she also made mistakes in policy—was in the use of sea power. Philip had less than his father's interest in and understanding of the subject. He did bring about or hasten some valuable reforms, but he would not delegate and did not know enough about naval tactics. His grasp of strategy was stronger. The organisation of the ocean routes from the West and East Indies, the tightening up of the convoy system, the improvement of the fortified ports of call, made the war, as waged by England, far less effective in the last years of Elizabeth's reign than previously. Yet England, weak and militarily only a humble ally of Spain under Mary, became under her sister independent, strong, a force to be reckoned with.

THE ENTENTE CORDIALE JUBILEE: THE 1904 TREATY BETWEEN BRITAIN AND FRANCE CELEBRATED.



THE QUEEN, WHOSE GREAT GRANDFATHER, EDWARD VII, WAS CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH THE ENTENTE CORDIALE.



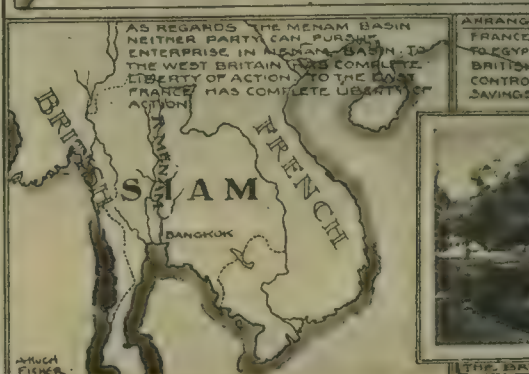
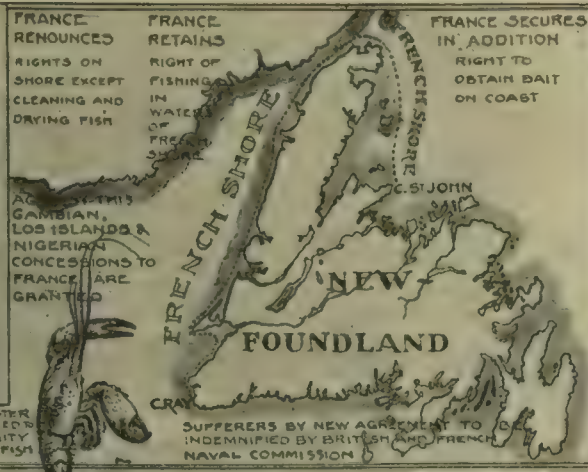
SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE PREMIER, WHO ARRANGED TO EXCHANGE GREETINGS WITH M. LANIEL ON APRIL 8.



MR. EDEN, THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, WHO ARRANGED TO EXCHANGE GREETINGS WITH M. BIDAULT ON APRIL 8.



SIR GLADWYN JEBB, NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO PARIS, WHO WILL BE ASSOCIATED WITH THE MAY CELEBRATIONS.



ILLUSTRATING THE AREAS AFFECTED BY THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT—THE FAMOUS ENTENTE CORDIALE—SIGNED ON APRIL 8, 1904: MAPS AND A CHART, TOGETHER WITH PORTRAITS OF THE SIGNATORIES TO THE HISTORIC DOCUMENT, AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BRITISH AND FRENCH FOREIGN OFFICES; PUBLISHED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF APRIL 16, 1904.

ON April 8, 1904, the *Entente Cordiale*, the highly important treaty between Britain and France, largely brought about through the tactful influence of King Edward VII. (who in this connection has often been called "Edward the Peacemaker"), was signed by the fifth Marquess of Lansdowne, the then British Foreign Secretary; M. Delcassé, the then French Foreign Minister, and M. Cambon, the French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. *The Illustrated London News* on April 16, 1904, published the maps and charts we reproduce, illustrating the areas affected by the Treaty, which included Newfoundland, Senegambia, Nigeria, Morocco, Siam, Egypt, Madagascar and the New Hebrides, and noted that "The terms of the Convention have given general satisfaction, for they settle many points which might at any time have given rise to international complications. The Newfoundland and Egyptian questions will no longer give France the opportunity for the diplomatic pin-pricks which have been a constant source of irritation for the last ten or fifteen years. The chief details of this give-and-take arrangement are set forth in the accompanying charts." On another page of the same issue it was pointed out that "The new Treaty with France is everywhere hailed as one of the greatest achievements of diplomacy... there is a general feeling of satisfaction at the opening of a new era of conciliation between France and England." Celebrations to mark the jubilee of the signing of the *Entente Cordiale* were arranged for April 8. These included an exchange of messages of greeting between the British and French Premiers and Foreign Ministers; radio programmes devoted to the inception and results of the *Entente Cordiale*, and so forth, and the reading of messages in the National Assembly and Council of the Republic and dispatch to the House of Lords and the House of Commons. In May, when Sir Gladwyn Jebb, the new British Ambassador to Paris, has taken up his appointment, there will be further celebrations in the French capital, which, according to a report published in *The Times* of March 30, will include a ceremony at the Sorbonne at which M. Coty, the French President, will preside; and a lunch at the Quai d'Orsay at which M. Bidault hopes to welcome Mr. Eden. It was also stated in *The Times* of that date and on March 31 that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh would possibly be associated with London celebrations in May, with her Majesty and his Royal Highness attending a reception in the Royal Gallery of the Houses of Parliament.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, M. COTY, PLAYING A LEADING PART IN THE MAY CELEBRATIONS.



M. LANIEL, THE FRENCH PREMIER, WHO ARRANGED TO EXCHANGE GREETINGS WITH SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL.



M. BIDAULT, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, WHO ARRANGED TO EXCHANGE GREETINGS WITH MR. EDEN.



THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S: M. RENÉ MASSIGLI.

AN ISLAND PARADISE ON THE ROYAL TOUR ROUTE: THE REMOTE AND ROMANTIC COCOS ISLANDS.



THE WORLD-TRAVELLER'S FIRST SIGHT OF THE COCOS, OR KEELING, ISLANDS: A QANTAS CONSTELLATION COMING IN TO LAND ON THE CORAL AIRSTRIP ON WEST ISLAND.



ON THE SHORE OF HOME ISLAND—WHERE IT WAS HOPED THE QUEEN WOULD LAND. SEEN DURING THE RISING OF A HIGH WIND.



THE PIPE BAND OF AN AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE CONSTRUCTION SQUADRON PLAYING OUTSIDE THEIR CLUB, WHILE ON THE HORIZON AN ITALIAN LINER SAILS TO AUSTRALIA.



THE RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN CLUNIES-ROSS, THE "KING OF THE COCOS ISLANDS," ON HOME ISLAND. IF A LANDING WERE POSSIBLE, THE QUEEN INTENDED TO VISIT THIS HOUSE.



SHAVING THE SQUADRON-LEADER IN THE COCOS ISLANDS: THE BARBER'S CHAIR BEING IMPROVISED FROM CORAL AND A PALM STUMP.

On April 5 the S.S. *Gothic* was due to anchor off the Cocos Islands, in the Indian Ocean; and an alternative programme had been arranged for her Majesty, depending on whether the swell would permit a convenient landing to be made on Home Island, the principal island of the group, or whether it would be preferable to hold a reception of the islanders on board the liner. The Cocos Islands are a group of twenty-seven small coral islands, the largest of which is 5 miles by 1/4-mile, 581 miles



THE ISLANDS HAVE AN EXCEPTIONALLY PLEASANT CLIMATE, WITH HIGH WINDS AS THE ONLY HAZARD. BOARDING-UP THE AIRSTRIP CONTROL TOWER AGAINST A COMING CYCLONE.

from Java Head and 1161 miles from Singapore. They were discovered in 1609 by Captain William Keeling; and in 1823 Alexander Hare settled on one of the islands and a few years later Captain John Ross, from the Shetland Islands, settled on Direction Island with his family and some friends; and the group has since remained the property of the Ross family, the present head, Mr. John Clunies-Ross, being often known as the "King of the Cocos Islands." The group was taken under British

DESERT ISLANDS TO WHICH BRITAIN BROUGHT PROSPERITY, AND HISTORY, STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE.



COCO-PALMS ARE THE BASIC CROP OF THE ISLANDS AND COPRA THEIR GREAT EXPORT. COPRA IS HERE SEEN DRYING ON TRAYS IN HOME ISLAND.



A COCOS ISLANDER BOAT-BUILDER AT HOME WITH HIS FAMILY IN THE HOUSE WHICH THE CLUNIES-ROSS ESTATE SUPPLIES TO ALL MALE ISLANDERS ON THEIR MARRIAGE.



HOST AND HOSTESS OF THE QUEEN IN THE COCOS ISLANDS: MR. AND MRS. JOHN CLUNIES-ROSS, WITH TWO OF THEIR PETS. THEY USUALLY WALK BAREFOOT IN THE ISLAND.



AT A COCOS ISLANDS WEDDING FEAST, WITH THE MEN, DRESSED IN THEIR BEST, SEATED AT THE TABLE. IN 1952 THE POPULATION WAS ABOUT EQUALLY EUROPEAN AND MALAY.



FISHING WITH SPEAR-GUN IS A FAVOURITE SPORT IN THE LAGOON. THIS MEMBER OF THE AIRLINE STAFF HAS JUST SHOT A 5-FT. MORAY. MORAYS ARE CAPABLE OF A DANGEROUS BITE.



UNLOADING THE DETACHABLE "SPEEDPAK" FROM THE FORTNIGHTLY CONSTELLATION AIRLINER. SPECIALLY NEEDED SUPPLIES ARE BROUGHT BY THIS MEANS.

protection in 1857, attached to the Government of Ceylon in 1878, to the Straits Settlements in 1882 and in 1903 annexed to Singapore. The transfer of its administration to Australia is at present under discussion. The islands have always been prosperous producers of copra; and in 1901 gained in importance through the establishment of a cable station on Direction Island. This led to their being bombarded from the sea in both world wars, first by the Germans, next

by the Japanese. In 1944 an R.A.F. airstrip was laid down on West Island; and since the war this has been developed by the Australian Qantas Airline, which now uses it as a fuelling station for its fortnightly flights on the Australia—South Africa route. The islands are gradually increasing in size owing to the filling up of the lagoon, and in 1883, owing to the drifting of pumice from the eruption of Krakatoa (about 600 miles away), the shores were advanced from 20 to 30 yards.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

COUNTRY HOTEL GARDENS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

LOOKING back over the last thirty or so years, and comparing country hotels as I knew them then with hotels of the same type, as I find them to-day, I am inclined

to think that a rather higher percentage of such hotels now attach just a little more importance to the meals they serve. The hotels that I have in mind are the jolly-looking ones, old coaching inns as often as not, which one would take-on trust when motoring about the country, for lunch, or dinner, or maybe to stay at for the night. Occasionally at such country hotels one found genuine, honest, English fare at its best, and that best, of course, is very good indeed. Too often, however—I am thinking back to the 1920's—one made a bad start by finding a horrid little paper napkin awaiting one at table. I would rather have no napkin at all than a paper one. But even worse than the paper napkin itself was the sort of country hotel meal of which it was a symbol, a meal, lunch or dinner, which almost invariably started with tomato soup, out of a tin (why always tomato when there were many other varieties to choose from?) and ended with pineapple chunks, also out of a tin, plus custard—out of a packet—and tasting like it. Why such dreary fare when the farms and gardens all around were stiff with poultry, fruit, vegetables, beef, mutton and pork? The chief qualification for becoming cook or chef at such an establishment was, apparently, adroit handling of a tin-opener. Coffee in the garden after lunch or dinner would sound a good idea. That the stuff came out of a bottle was probably, under the circumstances, a merciful thing, for "coffee" of such origin, though it may bear small resemblance to coffee, is usually a not unpalatable beverage, whilst hotel coffee actually made from coffee can be, and often is, utterly revolting. But where country hotels are concerned, coffee in the "garden" is often—too often—a courtesy title. The garden is run by the hotel's odd-job man, the fellow who carries in the coals and the logs, stokes the furnace for the central heating, cleans the boots, attends to the garage and the car park, does a bit of carpentering and plumbing and running household repairs generally, whilst last and oddest job of all—in his spare time—is the garden. And it looks like it. I can not help thinking that a great many hotelkeepers do not appreciate what a valuable asset an attractive, well-kept garden would be to their business.

It is not enough just to keep the rather mangy, threadbare turf of the lawn mown, put out a few tea-tables and chairs, jazz them up with some big coloured sunshades, and call it the garden. Even if customers are not themselves practising knowledgeable gardeners, they greatly appreciate a pretty garden with masses of flowers.

The value of flowers and a garden, not only as an hotel amenity but as an advertisement, was first and very strongly borne in upon me when in 1931 my wife and I paid a six-months visit to America. Months before we weighed anchor we were urged, by both English and American friends who had been there, on no account to miss calling in at the Santa Maria Hotel, in California, to see the hotel garden, and especially the flower arrangements in the hotel dining-room. It was the same when we reached the U.S.A. Wherever we went folk said, "Whatever else you do, don't miss the Santa Maria Hotel and its flowers." Not once were we urged to visit Niagara, the Empire State Building, the Yosemite Valley, or Aimée MacPherson's Hot Gospel Temple. Always it was the Santa Maria Hotel and its dining-room flowers. We took those other wonders of the world in our stride, and then dutifully, one Sunday at lunchtime, we fetched up at the famous hotel. No wonder it was so much talked about. Every table in the very spacious dining-room

had its vase or vases of flowers, and on the walls there were hanging vases with more flowers. It was not just a case of sweet peas and gypsophila crammed into vases London tea-shop fashion. The flowers were choice, specially grown, cleverly chosen and beautifully arranged by a trained professional flower artist retained by the hotel for the purpose. I was particularly attracted by the various *Watsonias*, both species and hybrids. Lovely South African bulbous flowers like tall, slender gladioli, in endless variants of pink, mauve, apricot, white, etc. Far more graceful, less top-heavy and less pompous than our ever-popular gladioli, and, I would say, about as hardy, or, rather, unhardy, as gladioli. Yet how seldom one sees *Watsonias* grown in Britain, except occasionally in the mild climates of Cornwall and the West Coast of Scotland. We made

one of which I can think off-hand is, or was, my friend John Fothergill's Spread Eagle Hotel at Thame. But then it was not only the garden which made the Spread Eagle famous. The garden was not so much a picture of exquisite enchantment as an assembly of interesting, amusing and often beautiful plants and flowers, which somehow expressed John's own original personality. There was, too, the décor of the old inn itself, the fine furniture, the food, the wines, the rose-petal jam, the aromatic honey from the thymes of Mount Hymettus, and, of course, John Fothergill himself, and the books he wrote about it all, especially "The Diary of An Innkeeper."

It is probable that there are many fine and beautiful hotel gardens in this country which I have never seen or heard of, and certainly there is a sprinkling of fair-to-middling examples which are maintained in fair-to-middling conventional order. But, for the most part, the hotel gardens that I have seen have been sad and dreary examples of missed opportunity—missed by the well-meaning, incompetent, over-full hands of the odd-job man.

Last autumn I came across a pleasant example of hotel garden enterprise. In the tea lounge of an hotel in Buckingham (apologies for having forgotten its name, but I could find my way to it next May, June) there was a printed notice telling that the hotel garden had for long been famous for its asparagus beds. That, of course, must be a rare magnet, in season. What, I wonder, would be the advertisement value to some good country hotel if it made a speciality of growing its own sweet corn, and serving corn-on-the-cob in the best American manner in the summer corn season? Would its fame spread by word-of-mouth recommendation as far as Santa Maria, in California? I wouldn't wonder.

About three years ago I was indirectly responsible for the great improvement of an hotel garden near my Cotswold home. This was the Manor House Hotel at Moreton in Marsh. It is a small *de luxe* hotel of great charm, where the service is a joy, and the food outstandingly good, without—thank goodness—any pretence of being cheap. It could never be cheap and remain as good as it is. But don't mistake me. It is not ruinous. But the rather large garden was a dreary example of missed opportunity. Miss Grey, who runs this exceptional hotel, asked me if I would advise her as to improving the garden. My reply was that I would gladly advise, but that any money spent on carrying out my suggestions would be wasted unless she first put into practice one small piece of advice that I would give. She must not attempt to run the garden on the odd-job-man's spare-time plan. She must get a fully-trained, experienced gardener. This she did. In fact, she engaged two. A couple of Horticultural College trained lady gardeners. Those two girls knew their job thoroughly, and they worked like beavers. A few alterations and simplifications—in lay-out were made. A long, wide herbaceous border was planted with a first-rate collection of

hardy plants; fruit-trees were properly pruned, for the first time in years. A cutting garden was started to provide abundant cut flowers for the hotel, and fresh vegetables were grown as never before. Last summer especially the change was miraculous. Instead of that forlorn look of missed opportunity the garden looked intelligently cared for, with plenty of plants and flowers which were found to arouse interest in really knowledgeable gardening guests. I now predict an influx of American guests, an influx which will increase from year to year as that garden responds more and more to intelligent cultivation. But guests from Santa Maria must not expect luxuries such as *Watsonias*. At least, not yet.



"PERTH," A NAMED VARIETY OF WATSONIA. "LOVELY SOUTH AFRICAN BULBOUS FLOWERS LIKE TALL, SLENDER GLADIOLI, IN ENDLESS VARIANTS OF PINK, MAUVE, APRICOT, WHITE, ETC. FAR MORE GRACEFUL, LESS TOP-HEAVY AND LESS POMPOUS THAN OUR EVER-POPULAR GLADIOLI, AND, I WOULD SAY, ABOUT AS HARDY, OR, RATHER, UNHARDY, AS GLADIOLI."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

the acquaintance of Mr. MacCoy, the proprietor of the Santa Maria Hotel, who showed us the five-acre garden where the flowers for the hotel are produced, and where he grows, for his own delight, a great collection of the splendid flowering trees and shrubs, climbers, bulbous plants, and other flowers, which are only possible in such a semi-featherbed climate. Here, at relatively small expense, was an example of special advertising which had spread right across the American continent from west to east, and across the Atlantic to England, and doubtless to many other parts of Europe as well. It makes you think. At least I hope it does.

But how many hotels in Britain have gardens which have in any way made them famous? The only



ON THE RIM OF THE HUGE CRATER, OVER A QUARTER OF A MILE IN DIAMETER, OF EL BOQUERÓN: MR. RICHARDS (LEFT) AND HIS BOATMAN.



FORMING A "DELTA" MORE THAN 1000 FT. ACROSS: HOT, SIZZLING LAVA WHICH HAS BROKEN THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE VOLCANO.



IN ACTION IN SEPTEMBER, 1952, SHORTLY AFTER ITS BIRTH: EL BOQUERÓN, ON SAN BENEDICTO ISLAND, IN THE REVILLA GIGEDO GROUP OFF MEXICO. (Official photograph, U.S. Navy.)



RESEMBLING A TREMENDOUS AMPHITHEATRE: INSIDE THE CRATER OF EL BOQUERÓN, OR "THE BIG MOUTH," WHERE THE TEMPERATURE OF THE MOLTEN LAVA WAS 2400 DEG. F.

A VOLCANO WHICH TWO MEN EXPLORED WHILE IT WAS STILL ACTIVE: EL BOQUERÓN, "THE BIG MOUTH."

As we describe overleaf in this issue, two American oceanographers, Mr. A. F. Richards and Mr. L. W. Walker, made a dramatic descent into the crater of the volcano El Boquerón, shortly after its appearance in August 1952, and succeeded, amidst noxious fumes and in the intense heat created by the red-hot lava, in collecting specimens of the sulphur-coated rock. El Boquerón, or "The Big Mouth," is situated on San Benedicto Island, a small uninhabited island in

the Revilla Gigedo group, about 300 miles west of Mexico, to which it belongs. It first saw the light of day on August 1, 1952, and within a fortnight had grown to a height of 1000 ft. above sea-level. A curious feature of this volcano is that near its base the molten lava has forced its way through the wall of the crater and has fanned out into a huge "delta," the leading edge of which is 1000 ft. across and 700 ft. from its point of origin on the crater's sloping side.



A NEW VOLCANO IN THE PACIFIC WHICH GREW TO 1000 FEET IN A FORTNIGHT: EL BOQUERÓN, OR "THE BIG MOUTH," ON SAN BENEDICTO ISLAND, OFF THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO.

On August 1, 1952, while fishing for tuna off San Benedicto Island, an uninhabited island in the Revilla Gigedo group, 300 miles west of Mexico, in the Pacific, some fishermen were amazed to see, rising into the sky on the other side of the island, a tiny puff of white smoke which grew, in a matter of minutes, into a sizeable cloud of black, ash-laden steam. Unbeknown to them, the fishermen were witnessing the birth of a new volcano—El Boquerón, or "The Big Mouth," as it came to be called. Within a fortnight, the new volcano had grown to a height of approximately 1000 ft. above sea-level and had thrown out thousands of tons of pumice,

covering and smothering all living things on the southern end of the island. At the base of the cone thus formed a hole had been blown, through which red-hot lava flowed inexorably into the sea, fanning out into a "delta" 1000 ft. across at its leading edge. Every few minutes huge blocks of lava tumbled into the sea and were engulfed in a cloud of hissing steam. The photograph which we reproduce above was taken on September 20 after the initial explosive phase. The extinct Herrera crater is seen on the left, containing water deposited through condensation from the steam that erupted from El Boquerón. The many vertical grooves on

the outer wall of El Boquerón's crater were probably caused by heavy rains, which in turn were caused by the condensation of volcanic moisture on volcanic dust. In the weeks that followed, two American oceanographers, Mr. Adrian F. Richards and Mr. Lewis Wayne Walker, observed the behaviour of the volcano and made a landing on the island, despite the absence of any beaches and the continuous surf. Choked by billowing masses of sulphur clouds, they climbed the side of the volcano, each step on the hot, dusty ash causing agony. Finally they reached the rim and peered inside the crater, where escaping gases and steam produced a constant

roar as of a squadron of jet aeroplanes: 300 ft. below was a perfect circle a quarter of a mile in diameter, and in the centre a cauldron bubbling with orange-hot, molten lava. The temperature of this lava was estimated at 2400 deg. F. The two men slid some way into the crater and one of them reached the lowest point in the scalding amphitheatre. There he collected specimens of rocks, coated by the gas-deposited sulphur, and tossed out pieces of sulphur-covered lava so hot that the yellow coating was sticky. Almost overcome by the heat they then left the crater for the cool ridge above. [Official photograph, U.S. Navy.]

THE HISTORY OF THE END OF THE BRONZE AGE "WRITTEN BY THE VERY ACTORS": NEW AND RICH DISCOVERIES OF THE ARCHIVES OF UGARIT—DIPLOMATIC, ECONOMIC, ROYAL AND BUREAUCRATIC.

By Professor CLAUDE F. A. SCHAEFFER, M.A., D. LITT., Member of the Institute, Director at the National Centre of Scientific Research, Paris, and Field Director of the French Expedition to Ras Shamra.

In our issue of March 27, Professor Schaeffer summarised his pre-war excavations at the extremely rich Bronze Age site at Ras Shamra, in Northern Syria; and described in some detail the work that had been done since the resumption of full-scale excavation in 1950. This last article was devoted mainly to the large and beautiful carved ivory bed panels found in the Royal Palace of Ugarit. In the article that follows, Professor Schaeffer describes some of the extremely important cuneiform documents found in various archives in different parts of the Palace.

BEFORE approaching the main entrance at the west side of the palace, the visitor would have to pass the gate at the foot of the great stone glacis which was part of the fortress protecting the palace from the sea-side. At the end of an ascending vaulted corridor of ashlar masonry, he would find himself in a street passing through the thickness of the defence wall—which here measured 16 metres (52½ ft.), and contained casemates to accommodate the palace guards. In this way he reached a paved square, under which ran a branch of the main drain. On the far side, until he was admitted to the palace, he could sit on one of the stone benches in the spacious portico. Thence he reached an antechamber, from which a door on the left led to the treasury—a spacious office provided with a small strong-room and three archive rooms where the cuneiform records of the Ugarit administration were kept. Among the tablets found there, many formed registers of towns and hamlets of the kingdom, listing the taxes to be paid and the number of men needed for public works or of soldiers or arms to be provided for the King's army: slings, bows, maces and horse-drawn chariots, with fighting men for an élite corps, called *marianu*. There is also a text referring to the seizure of several ships in the harbour of Ugarit; and a puzzling list of thirty families or houses, giving the number of wives, some of noble origin, and children living under each roof. All these families originated from the town of Alasia (in Cyprus), and their presence at Ugarit seems to imply the existence in that busy port of a colony of Cypriote traders during Mycenaean times.

The most important document, however, recovered in the archives at the western entrance of the palace, is a small tablet containing the thirty signs of the

The visitor who was admitted to the interior of the palace had to turn to the right in the antechamber and pass along a guarded corridor to reach the vast courtyard, the paving of which is still well preserved. Here also was found the palace well, carefully closed and with its walled shaft reaching down to a depth of 13 metres (42½ ft.). At this depth a strong underground spring still provides ample water for our 300 workmen and the whole staff of the expedition.

To the west, a high tower threw its shadow into the courtyard, which is now filled with 4 metres (about 13 ft.) of charred debris and stones from the collapsed walls. Here we found an original stone seal of Mursilis II. It is engraved with a bilingual text and may have been used by Urhi-Teshoub, the exiled Hittite king who seems to have used the throne-name Mursilis III.

At the southern end the first courtyard leads to a spacious portico, with the inner door to the southern wing of the palace not yet excavated.

On the eastern side several more corridors and staircases give access to numerous rooms and halls situated round a second vast courtyard, in the middle of which a large brazier was still standing, filled with charcoal from the last fire.

From this point onwards its general direction of the palace walls bends slightly to the south, as if the original building had been twice enlarged on this side. Three entrances with porticos lead hence to the inner city.

The most eastern of these gates was flanked by another administrative building (Fig. 1), in which was found another important accumulation of cuneiform tablets partially embedded in the ashes of the fire which destroyed the palace (Fig. 3). Among these, many refer to the commercial organisation of the capital, its trades and guilds—more than a hundred in all. There were several lists of royal distributions of ceremonial dresses

adorned with precious stones. Business transactions include numerous dealings in money, deposits of guarantees and letters of credit in connection with the buying and selling of horses, cattle, wine, oil, vinegar, wool, copper, lead, land and property, and different types of military equipment. There is also a manual for the treatment of sick horses, as well as an exceptionally important document which Assyrologists have been hoping for during the last fifty years: the first bilingual text translating classical Babylonian into the still unknown Hurrian language.

During 1952 excavations in the central part of the palace, where two more courtyards have been found, led to some interesting discoveries. Here was found another suite of archive rooms, which we have called the Central Archive (Fig. 12). These were filled with numerous texts, most of them written in Babylonian

Ugarit alphabetical cuneiform script in their original order (Fig. 11). It is practically the same order as that of the Greek alphabet, from which our own modern alphabet descended. We have here, therefore, the oldest spelling-book known as yet, dating from the fourteenth century B.C.



FIG. 1. THE DISCOVERY OF THE EASTERN ARCHIVES OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF UGARIT. PROFESSOR SCHAEFFER IS KNEELING IN THE CENTRE, WHILE BEHIND HIM STANDS M. RIHAOU, OF THE ANTIQUITIES DEPARTMENT FROM DAMASCUS.



FIG. 2. A BRONZE SWORD BLADE, FOUND IN A PRIVATE HOUSE NEAR THE ROYAL PALACE OF UGARIT, BEARING ENGRAVED ON IT THE CARTOUCHE OF THE PHAROAH MINEPTAH. The Pharaoh Mineptah (1219-1210 or 1199-1191 B.C.) defeated the Sea People in a great sea and land battle near the Delta; and it is thought that his fame had reached Ugarit and that his cartouche on one of the swords of Ugarit shows that his name was an inspiration in the wars against the Sea People in the last phase of the Bronze Age.

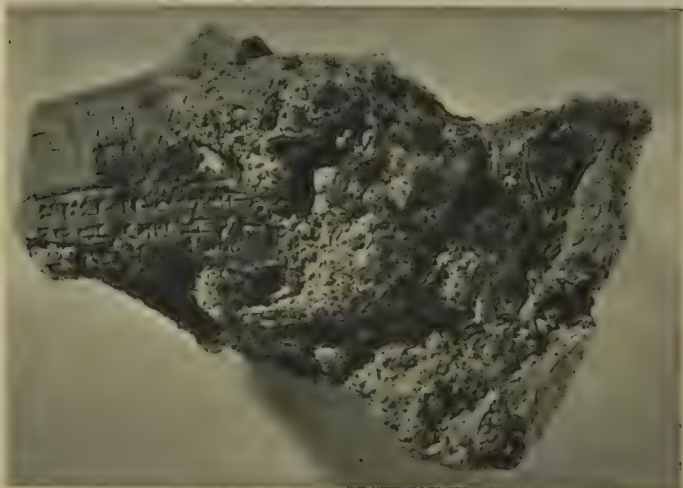


FIG. 3. MANY OF THE TABLETS FOUND IN THE CENTRAL ARCHIVE OF THE PALACE WERE FOUND LIKE THIS, ENCRUSTED WITH BURNT MATERIAL, PRESUMABLY AS THE RESULT OF A GREAT FIRE WHICH DESTROYED THE PALACE.



FIG. 4. SOME OF THE TABLETS FOUND IN THE EAST ARCHIVE HAD SUFFERED FROM THE FIRE WHICH DESTROYED THE PALACE; AND HERE M. SHEFFIK IMAM, OF THE ANTIQUITIES DEPARTMENT OF DAMASCUS, IS SEEN PREPARING THE FRAGILE AND PRECIOUS TABLETS BEFORE REMOVING THEM FROM THE SOIL.

cuneiform and impressed with the royal seal of the Ugarit kings, ten of whom reigned, with son-succeeding father, during the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B.C. It is evident that in this Central Archive were filed the documents relating to royal rulings, decrees and judgments, as well as those of special interest to the Crown, such as properties, donations and letters. There is also the will of one of the kings, containing provisions relating to the status of his widow and also a carefully drafted inventory of the amazingly rich trousseau of one of the queens—the gold jewellery of which alone weighed 15 kilograms (about 33 lb.) (Fig. 9). There is also a text in which the king grants one of the Ugarit merchants the privilege of importing goods from Crete free of duty; while another refers to the royal messenger, or postal service, between Ugarit and the surrounding countries as far as Egypt and the Hittite Empire.

The documents are dated with reference to the reigning kings, who were contemporaries of the Pharaohs, Tutmosis II., Amenophis III. and IV., Tutankhamun, Horemheb and Rameses II. This is known from numerous alabaster vases engraved with hieroglyphic inscriptions sent as diplomatic gifts by the Egyptian kings to Ugarit and found near or among the cuneiform archives. According to the scene depicted on one of these vases, Niqmadu II., King of Ugarit, married one of the princesses of the Pharaonic harem, probably during the time of Akhnaton. It is surprising that the royal documents from Ugarit are rarely sealed in the name of the reigning king, but with a dynastic seal in style like an early Third Millennium cylinder-seal, referring to an ancestral king named Yaqarum, son of Nikmadu, king of Ugarit (Fig. 6).

[Continued opposite.]

THE OLDEST "SPELLING-BOOK"; TREATIES, AND A QUEEN'S TROUSSEAU.

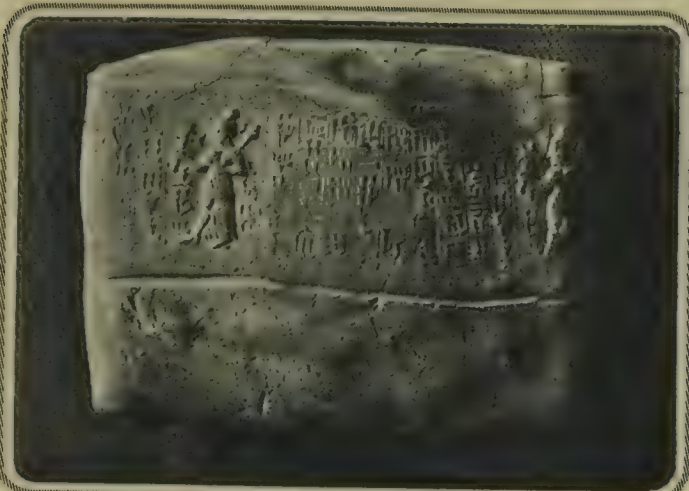


FIG. 5. BEARING THE IMPRESSION OF A CYLINDER-SEAL OF INITESHUB, KING OF CARCHEMISH: ONE OF A NUMBER OF DIPLOMATIC DOCUMENTS, LETTERS AND TREATIES FOUND IN THE SOUTHERN ARCHIVE.

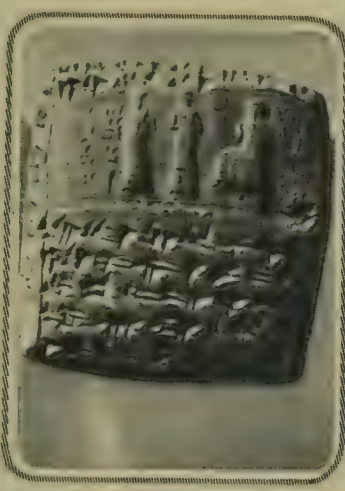


FIG. 6. A ROYAL DOCUMENT OF UGARIT, SEALED WITH THE "DYNASTIC" SEAL, OF AN ANCESTRAL KING, YAQARUM, SON OF NIKMADU.

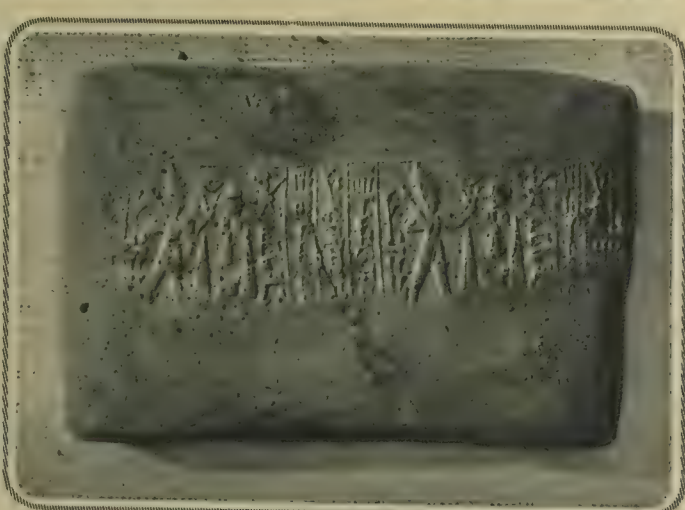


FIG. 7. ANOTHER DIPLOMATIC TEXT, FOUND IN THE SOUTHERN ARCHIVE, SHOWING ON THE REVERSE OF THE TABLET THE IMPRESSION OF THE CYLINDER-SEAL OF TALMITESHUB, KING OF CARCHEMISH.

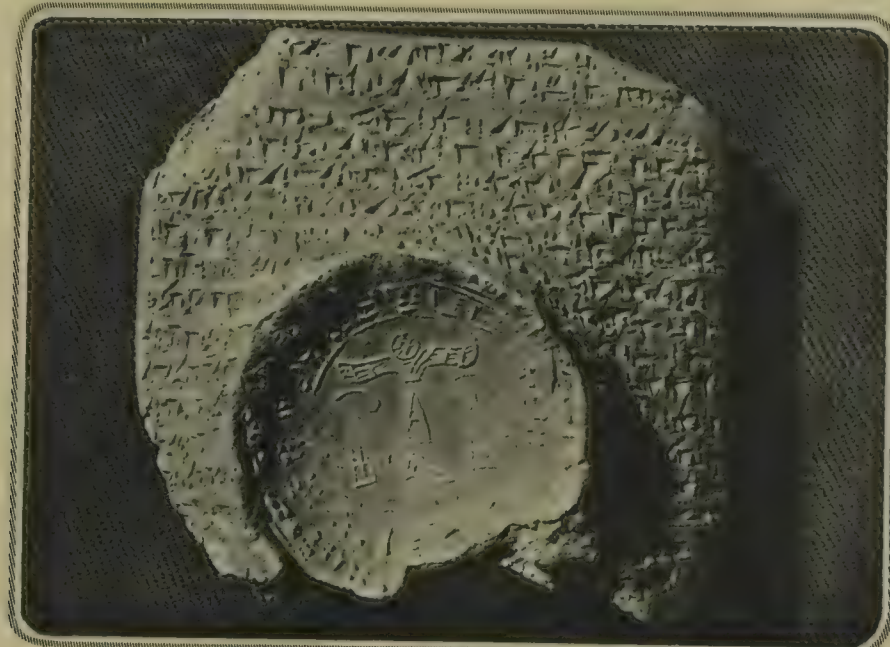


FIG. 8. BEARING THE GREAT CIRCULAR SEAL IMPRESSION OF THE HITTITE KING MURSIL II.: PART OF A TREATY BETWEEN UGARIT AND THE HITTITES, IN WHICH MURSIL FIXES THE BOUNDARIES BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES.

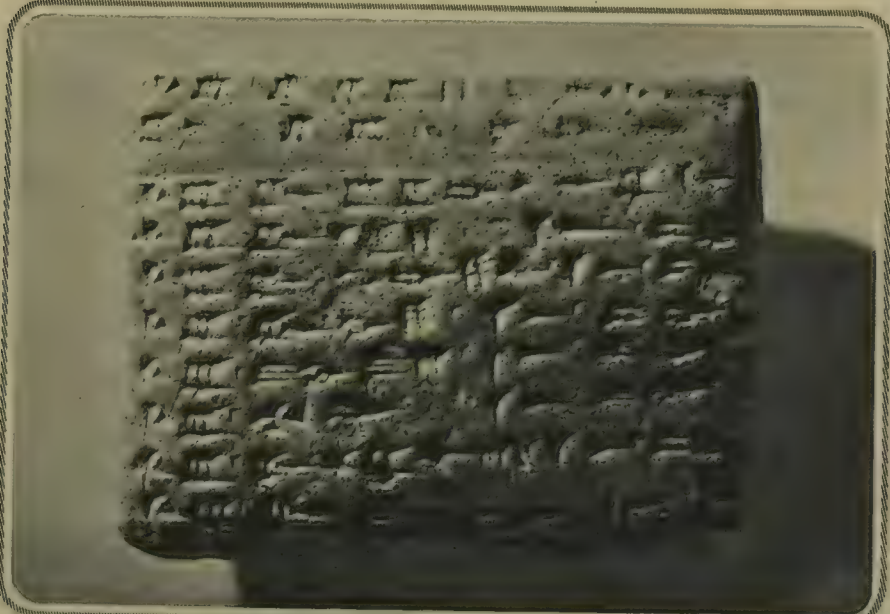


FIG. 10. A FINELY PRESERVED TABLET FROM THE EAST ARCHIVE, WHICH MAINLY HELD ECONOMIC AND COMMERCIAL DOCUMENTS. THIS ONE LISTS PROPERTIES AND TRANSACTIONS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF ELSTM.

Continued from page 574.

Among the judgments delivered by the king, we have so far found only one capital punishment, for treason. In one other grave instance, when officials of the palace had made a fraudulent copy of the royal seal, the forgers, it is stated, were not executed. The king exiled them and distributed their land and properties among some of his trusted servants. During our last season of excavations, during October and November 1953, at the southern end of another courtyard in the south-east wing of the palace, we were fortunate enough to discover two more archive rooms, well separated from the three other archives, at the east and west gates and in the centre of the palace. These newly-found archive rooms contained only political, diplomatic and economic texts concerning Ugarit's northern neighbours, especially the Hittite Empire and its allies (Figs. 5, 7, 8). More than 200 tablets, many of them impressed with the great Hittite Royal Seals and bilingual texts, reveal in detail Ugarit's delicate position between, on the one hand, the aggressive and enterprising Hittite kings from Suppiluliuma and Thudhaliyas IV. and, on the other, her traditional allies, the Egyptian Pharaohs of the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties. Written by the very actors of the great contest of the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries B.C., this is a valuable addition to the well-known Amarna texts accidentally found at Tell Amarna some sixty-five years ago. Among the new historical texts recovered in the Ugarit

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 9. A ROYAL TABLET FROM THE CENTRAL ARCHIVE LISTING THE TROUSSEAU OF THE QUEEN AHAT-MILKU. WRITTEN IN BABYLONIAN CUNEIFORM, IT LISTS FIFTY-THREE CATEGORIES OF GOODS, FROM GOLD JEWELLERY TO CLOTHES AND BEDS, CHAIRS AND FOOTSTOOLS.

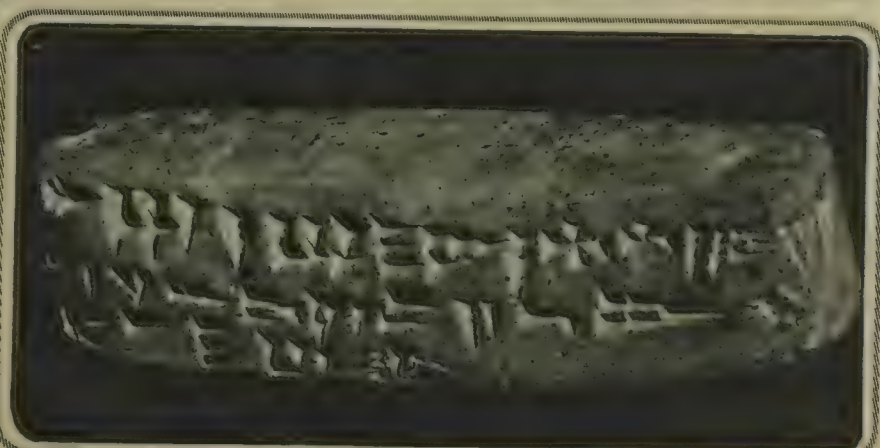


FIG. 11. PROBABLY THE WORLD'S OLDEST ALPHABETIC SPELLING-BOOK: A LIST OF THE THIRTY SIGNS OF THE UGARIT ALPHABETICAL CUNEIFORM SCRIPT IN THEIR CORRECT ORDER, WHICH APPROXIMATES CLOSELY TO THAT OF THE GREEK ALPHABET.

THE ROYAL TOMBS OF BRONZE AGE UGARIT: AND HER CIVIL SERVICE FILES.



FIG. 12. UNCOVERING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CENTRAL ARCHIVE OF THE PALACE OF UGARIT. TWO COLUMN BASES ARE REVEALED. THE TABLETS HERE DEALT WITH ROYAL MATTERS.



FIG. 14. THE ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE PRIVATE TOMBS FOUND IN THE TOWN OF UGARIT. THESE TOMBS CONTAINED VASES OF MYCENÆAN TYPE MIXED WITH SYRIAN POTTERY.



FIG. 15. ANOTHER VIEW OF PART OF THE ROYAL NECROPOLIS OF UGARIT—SEE ALSO FIG. 13. THE PRECISION AND STYLE OF THE MASONRY-WORK IS WELL SHOWN HERE.

Continued from page 575.

palace, there is a treaty with Suppiluliuma and its covering letter, which refers to a revolt of the Nuhasse and Mukish kings against their Hittite overlord. The latter, in order to prevent Ugarit joining his enemies, offers her king a formal alliance which, it is clear, was not very much desired but had to be accepted under pressure. Otherwise Suppiluliuma is careful not to oppose openly the interests of Egypt in her northern sphere of influence. According to another of the new historical texts, Suppiluliuma takes care not to enter Ugarit and meets her king at the place which he had made his headquarters, Alalakh-Atchana—which has been the scene of excavations by Sir Leonard Woolley. The newly-found Ras Shamra texts will be published soon by MM. Ch. Virolleaud (alphabetical texts), J. Nougayrol (Babylonian texts) and E. Laroche (Hurrian and Hittite hieroglyphical inscriptions).



FIG. 13. PART OF THE NECROPOLIS OF THE KINGS OF UGARIT, WELL BUILT IN ASHLAR. UNFORTUNATELY THESE TOMBS HAD BEEN THOROUGHLY PILLAGED IN ANCIENT TIMES.



FIG. 16. EXCAVATION IN PROGRESS IN THE NORTH-WEST WING OF THE PALACE. HERE TAX-LISTS AND ADMINISTRATIVE DOCUMENTS WERE FOUND IN

FROM THE 1954 "PARIS-LONDRES" EXHIBITION:
FINE FRENCH PAINTINGS NEW TO THIS COUNTRY.



"ENFANCE—PORTRAIT DE J.G."; BY PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR (1841-1919),
A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S CHILD PORTRAITURE.
(Canvas; 25½ by 19½ ins.)



"PAYSAGE DE PROVENCE, 1867"; BY PAUL CAMILLE GUIGOU (1834-1871), A FINE LANDSCAPE WHICH
SHOWS THE INFLUENCE OF COURBET. (Canvas; 17½ by 24 ins.)



"ARGENTEUIL, c. 1875"; BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), AN OUTSTANDINGLY BEAUTIFUL
LANDSCAPE BY THE GREAT IMPRESSIONIST PAINTER, WHO ENDURED HARDSHIP AND FAILURE FOR
MANY YEARS. (Canvas; 16½ by 29 ins.)



"LE VILLAGE DE CHAMBOIGNY"; BY ANDRÉ DERAÏN (B. 1880), ONE OF THE
COLLECTION OF FRENCH PAINTINGS IN THE "PARIS-LONDRES" SHOW AT TOOTH'S
GALLERIES. (Canvas; 14 by 17½ ins.)



"CANAL EN HOLLANDE, 1865"; BY JOHANN BARTHOOLD JONGKIND (1819-1891),
THE NETHERLANDS-BORN ARTIST WHO WORKED IN FRANCE. (Canvas; 17 by 22½ ins.)



"LES DEUX SŒURS, 1858"; BY I. H. J. T. FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1904), WHO, THROUGH
HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH WHISTLER, VISITED ENGLAND. (Canvas; 29 by 37½ ins.)

The collections of French paintings new to this country which Arthur Tooth and Son have, on several occasions during the last few years, arranged and exhibited under the title of "Paris-Londres," have been notable for their high quality; and the latest of the series, which was due to open on April 6, contains a number of important works. The Renoir portrait of a little boy, never before publicly shown, is an outstanding example of his superb child portraiture. The exhibition also includes a charming painting of a little girl by Mary Cassatt. The "Canal en Hollande," by J. B. Jongkind, who, though born in the Netherlands, worked in

France, and is a painter of the French school, is a fine example of his art. Jongkind came to Paris in 1846, when he was twenty-seven, and became the pupil of Isabey. He travelled widely in France, Flanders and Switzerland, visited England, and was the friend of Boudin, Cals and Courbet and, like the first-named, advised Monet. The landscape by Paul Camille Guigou clearly shows how strongly he was influenced by Courbet. After 1860 he was accustomed to pass his winters in Paris, painting from landscape studies he had made in Provence and in the valleys of the Seine and Loing.



MAN'S ASCENT: THE STORY OF OUR FORBEARS, AND THEIR GROWING SKILLS, THROUGH 700,000 YEARS

The drawing above is designed to assemble and present in a single picture the story of the evolution of man, based on the latest knowledge and combining the theories based on the numerous scattered finds in various parts of Europe, Asia and Africa. It is arranged in three columns according to those three continents and each column has a separate date scale, related also to the various geological epochs. Now that "Piltdown Man" (once claimed by some as Pliocene) has been proved to be essentially a fake, it appears that there was no fully-human creature living before the beginning of the Pleistocene Ice Age, but it seems likely that the pre-human hominids of the Pliocene were very similar to the fossil Australopithecines of South Africa. The earliest *Australopithecus* (of Makapan) was more human in appearance than the later Swartkrans type; and

so it is believed that the Australopithecines were a dead-end of evolution and not ancestral to man; but that earlier members of the same group, perhaps living elsewhere, may have been more progressive and evolved into true man. There is no evidence that the Australopithecines made tools; but pebble-tools, perhaps made by their more progressive cousins, have been found in South and East African deposits of the same age. The oldest known remains of true man, dating back perhaps 500,000 years, were found in Java; and the Pekin Man and the contemporary classic Java Man are placed in the same genus, *Pithecanthropus*—this genus being found only in Asia. Contemporary with Pekin Man is the oldest known example of *Homo*, Heidelberg Man; and it is possible that some older species of *Pithecanthropus* was ancestral to *Homo*. During the Middle

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL




AND IN THREE CONTINENTS, GRAPHICALLY PRESENTED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE LATEST RESEARCH.


Pleistocene the early representatives of *Homo* branched into several types; and precursors of *Homo sapiens*, in many respects like the primitive aborigines of Australia, appear to have originated at this time. This, too, is the era of Swanscombe Man and the earlier generalised Neanderthals, such as Steinheim Man. The classic Neanderthals, *Homo neanderthalensis*, were a sideline in human evolution who diverged from our ancestors perhaps through isolation under glacial conditions. The oldest well-authenticated skull of modern man is that found at Fontéchévade in 1947; and with the Upper Palaeolithic of Late Pleistocene times come such typical members of our own species as Cro-Magnon Man (of the Magdalenian culture) and Chancelade Man (of the Magdalenian culture). In Africa there is a long gap after the Australopithecines and it appears that until

ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.

the close of the Earlier Stone Age, men did not live in caves, but in the open, where there was little chance of fossilisation taking place. After this blank, there appear the Rhodesian, Saldanha and Florisbad Men, all, in some ways, Australoid in type, and men of the Boskop type, large-brained precursors of the Bushmen. Around 10,000 years ago these gave place to the typical small-brained Bushmen and, about the same time, the first negroids appeared north of the equator. In Asia remains of men of Neanderthaloid type have been found at Mt. Carmel and it is possible that they may be hybrids of the Neanderthals and *Homo sapiens*. In 1931-32, fossil skulls were found on the Solo River, in Java, and Solo Man appears to have been another side-branch of human stock comparable with Neanderthal Man in Europe and Rhodesian and Saldanha Man in Africa.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



TOO MANY EGGS, TOO FEW FACTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

A SHORT while ago I needed to know the number of eggs laid by the hen ostrich. The reason for this is of little consequence here. The interest lies in my failure to obtain the information. Ostriches are large enough to be readily observed. Their nests are presumably not inconspicuous. And the birds themselves have been farmed for a long time. There is every reason, therefore, why our knowledge of them should be extensive. Yet the fact remains that the normal sources of information, the text-books, encyclopædias and popular science books gave either no information on the number of eggs laid or else differed considerably in the number stated, from four to thirty. In the end, there was nothing for it but to list all the original scientific papers dealing with ostriches and search until I had found what was needed, an account of first-hand observations by Cronwright Schreiner, published in the *Zoologist*, as far back as 1897.

With one exception, the books consulted told me that ostriches are polygamous and that several hens share one nest. If that were so, of course, it would be difficult to know how many eggs each hen did lay. At least one part of the story seems, however, to be incorrect, although the truth is by no means certain. Schreiner pointed out that, for all its size, an ostrich nest is not so very easy to find, especially in the wild. He was of the opinion, nevertheless, that the wild birds were monogamous, that the cock made the nest, by squatting on its breast and kicking the earth outwards with its feet, and that in this nest a hen ostrich would lay, on an average, fifteen eggs, each weighing about 3 lb., its empty shell capable of containing the contents of eighteen eggs from the domestic fowl. He was prepared to agree that, even in the wild, there might be unattached hens who would lay their eggs, usually infertile, in the nest of a mated hen. She would do this for the simple reason that she was incapable of making a nest of her own, for as we have seen, it is the cock that scrapes the saucer-shaped depression in the ground that does duty for a nest. At most, his hen assists in building up the slight parapet marking its rim.

one of the contestants being badly injured. If separated by a fence, they kick at each other through the wires, damaging themselves as a consequence. And a number have to be killed because they have become a menace to those attending them. Despite the sexes being evenly balanced in the broods, the

Even if, under these polygamous circumstances, the eggs had hatched successfully, the hazards would still not be past, and the reason provides one more solid argument against the widely-held view that ostriches are naturally polygamous. Not only is the incubation shared by cock and hen, the care of the chicks is also, and where a firm pattern of behaviour of this kind is present, it would be difficult even for an intelligent father to give his attention to several families at once, and this bird has little in the way of intelligence. Eight feet high, 300 lb. in weight, its head, excluding the beak, is the size of a large orange, and the brain inside not much bigger than a walnut.

Another persistent idea that dies hard is that at the heat of the day the hen ostrich leaves the nest, relying on the sun's heat to incubate the eggs. Temperature readings have shown that if she did not protect her eggs from the burning rays their contents would be par-boiled. Almost as enduring is the belief that the hen lays a few eggs in a secondary nest near to the main nest, and that these are eaten by the chicks when they hatch. This notion seems to have been engendered by the frequency with which one or a few eggs are accidentally rolled from the nest, even when only one hen is using it, and not retrieved. Sometimes, and again this seems to happen occasionally in the wild, an unattached hen may lay her egg at random, or even in the vicinity of an occupied nest. Finally, we have the belief, expressed even by authoritative writers on occasion, that the cock helps the chick out of the egg by cracking it with his breast. Like all other chicks, young ostriches peck their way out, but it is not impossible that occasionally the 300 lb. of parental bulk may accidentally assist the chick in its task.

Taking everything into consideration, it is perhaps not surprising that so few writers should have ventured an opinion on the number of eggs laid by a hen ostrich, and that those doing so should give contradictory figures. It is surprising, however, that polygamy should still be attributed to ostriches, for it is nearly



IN THE OUDTSHOORN DISTRICT OF CAPE PROVINCE, SOUTH AFRICA: A BLACK OSTRICH AND EGGS. THE COCK, WITH BLACK PLUMAGE SETTING OFF THE WHITE WING AND TAIL FEATHERS, INCUBATES THE EGGS BY NIGHT. THE HEN, WITH HER INCONSPICUOUS PLUMAGE OF DULL BROWNS, COVERS THE EGGS BY DAY.

result is that when the time for breeding arrives the hens far outnumber the breeding males. This presumably would matter less if the hen were capable of making a nest for herself.

From his personal observations during nine years of ostrich farming, Schreiner describes the chaos resulting from this enforced polygamy. He found that on some occasions one hen would lay in the nest, another would deposit her eggs on the ground outside it. Sometimes two hens would occupy the nest at once. The eggs are brooded by the cock at night, from 4 p.m. to 8 or 9 a.m., the hen brooding during the day. In a polygamous society of ostriches the night-time presented no problems. During the day, one hen would occupy the nest, the other broody hens standing or squatting near by. Whenever she rose, one of these would quickly take her place, and in the scramble, eggs would be broken. If the newcomer were a laying hen, another egg would be added.

It is characteristic of the hen ostrich that she lays one egg every other day. With several hens doing this, combined with the frequent scrambles to occupy the nest, the situation arose in which the same lot of eggs were never in the nest for more than a few days at a time. Some were rolled out, new ones were laid, old ones previously rolled out were retrieved and restored to the nest, some were broken, and the nest itself became a trampled ruin. In the end, it could happen that no chicks were hatched, eggs were added or broken, or the nest as a whole abandoned before the full period of incubation had run. A

single nest has been known to hold anything up to 150 eggs, and many to hold fifty to seventy, but the greater the number the less chance of a single chick resulting from them. Schreiner confirmed these things by marking the eggs and noting what happened to them.

fifty years since Schreiner set forth his evidence and arguments in great detail. And it is over twenty years since the late W. P. Pyecraft, who formerly contributed the article on this page, clearly and carefully summarised Schreiner's results in the "Standard Natural History."



AT OUDTSHOORN OSTRICH FARM: A VISITOR HOLDING UP A NEWLY-HATCHED CHICK. CONTRARY TO POPULAR INFORMATION OSTRICHES ARE ALMOST CERTAINLY MONOGAMOUS, A SINGLE PAIR MAKING AND OCCUPYING ONE NEST IN WHICH THE HEN LAYS ON AN AVERAGE FIFTEEN EGGS, EACH WEIGHING 3 LB. AND CONTAINING THE EQUIVALENT OF THE CONTENTS OF EIGHTEEN EGGS FROM THE DOMESTIC FOWL.

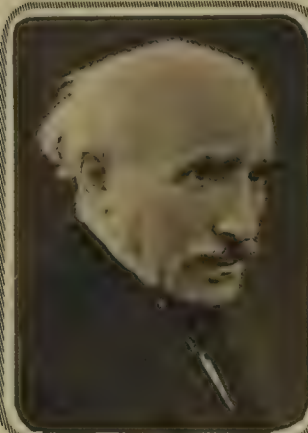
The greater part of what little knowledge we have of ostriches has been obtained from farmed birds. In these polygamy does become almost the rule. The male ostrich, at the onset of courtship, becomes highly excited, extremely active and markedly belligerent. Where the males are in contact they fight, usually



COVERED WITH SPIKE-TIPPED FEATHERS, GENERALLY BROWNISH, AND ITS NECK AND HEAD MARKED WITH IRREGULAR SPLASHES OF BROWN: AN OSTRICH CHICK HELD BY A VISITOR AT OUDTSHOORN. IN HER OTHER HAND SHE HOLDS AN EGG. WHEN ALARMED, THE CHICK "FREEZES," CROUCHING CLOSE TO THE GROUND, WITH HEAD AND NECK STRETCHED FORWARD, IN WHICH POSITION IT IS WELL-NIGH INVISIBLE.

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PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



LAYING DOWN HIS BATON:
SIGNOR TOSCANINI.

It was announced from New York on April 4 that Signor Arturo Toscanini, one of the world's greatest conductors, is to retire. The announcement coincided with the last concert of the winter season of the National Broadcasting Company's symphony orchestra which Toscanini, who is eighty-seven, has conducted for seventeen years.



DIED ON APRIL 5:
MR. FREDERICK LONSDALE.

Mr. Frederick Lonsdale, the well-known playwright, was seventy-three. One of his best-known plays, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," which was staged at the St. James's Theatre in 1925, ran for 514 performances and was revived in 1944. Among his other successes were "Spring Cleaning," "On Approval," and "Canaries Sometimes Sing."



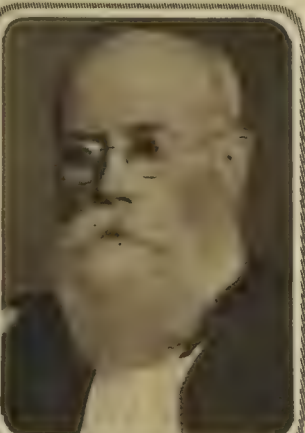
BEING DECORATED WITH THE BRITISH MILITARY MEDAL: U.S. SERGEANT WILEY J. INGRAM.

In 1945 U.S. Sergeant W. J. Ingram won the British Military Medal for heroism during the crossing of the River Sûre, Luxembourg, but left Europe before receiving it. On March 29 he was finally given it by General Sir Richard Gale (left), at Kaiserslautern, Germany.



DIED ON MARCH 30: THE MARQUESS OF ABERGAVENNY.

The Most Hon. Guy Temple Montacute Larnach-Nevill, fourth Marquess of Abergavenny, died at his home, Eridge Castle, Tunbridge Wells, aged seventy. He played a prominent part in the local affairs of Sussex and devoted much time to improving his estate agriculturally. He was Master of the Eridge Foxhounds.



DIED ON MARCH 28: BISHOP E. J. PALMER.

The Right Rev. E. J. Palmer, formerly Bishop of Bombay and Assistant Bishop of Gloucester from 1929 to 1951, was eighty-five. Elected a Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1891, he entered Holy Orders and was ordained in 1896. In 1908 he was consecrated Bishop of Bombay and for twenty years worked in India, travelling widely.



RELIEVED OF HIS FRENCH MILITARY FUNCTIONS: MARSHAL JUIN.

On March 31 it was announced from Paris that the French Government had relieved Marshal Alphonse Juin of all his French military functions save the inalienable title of Marshal of France. His dismissal followed his failure to appear before M. Laniel, Prime Minister, to explain a speech he made at Auxerre in which he opposed E.D.C.



"...AS LARGE AS THE MILITARY REQUIREMENT DEMANDS": MR. STRAUSS, CHAIRMAN OF THE AMERICAN ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION, REPORTING ON THE HYDROGEN BOMB. Mr. Strauss, chairman of the American Atomic Energy Commission, answered questions about the hydrogen bomb at a Washington Press conference on March 31. He denied that the explosion on March 1 had been "devastating" or "out of control"; stated that such a bomb could be made "as large as you wish, as large as the military requirement demands"; and gave an account of recent tests and the precautionary measures taken before they were made.



DIED ON APRIL 2: GENERAL HOYT SANFORD VANDENBERG.

General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, 1948-53, was fifty-five. He was Commander of the American Air Force, in Europe prior to D-Day, and in 1944 was appointed Commander of the Ninth Air Force, which supported General Bradley's Twelfth Army Group during the liberation of France.



NEW WARDEN OF TOYNBEE HALL: DR. A. E. MORGAN.

Dr. A. E. Morgan, who has much experience of education, youth and labour conditions, has been appointed the new Warden of Toynbee Hall, London, in succession to Dr. J. J. Mallon, who is retiring. Dr. Morgan, who will be the seventh Warden, is sixty-seven and was the first Principal of University College, Hull. He was Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University, Montreal, 1935-37.



KILLED BY MAU MAU: ANDREW STEPHENS AGED FOUR.

Andrew, elder son of Flt. Lieut. Horace Stephens, R.A.F., was slashed to death by a Kikuyu terrorist when playing outside his home near Nairobi. A man found with a bloodstained panga is reported to have confessed, and has been charged.

THE NEW G.O.C. MALAYA: LIEUT.-GEN. C. K. BOURNE.

Lieut.-General C. K. Bourne, the new G.O.C. Malaya, arrived in Kuala Lumpur from Singapore on April 4. He was due to take over from Lieut.-General Sir Hugh Stockwell on April 7. Later he drove to see General Sir Gerald Templer, the High Commissioner for Malaya. General Bourne will become Director of Operations when General Templer leaves Malaya in early June.



HOME AFTER TOURING MILITARY INSTALLATIONS IN THE U.S.A.: PRINCE BERNHARD (LEFT) WITH QUEEN JULIANA (CENTRE).

Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who has been touring U.S. aircraft factories and defence installations, was greeted by his wife, Queen Juliana, at Schiphol Airport, on March 29 on his return to Holland. Whilst in the U.S.A. Prince Bernhard had the thrilling experience of flying faster than sound.



DIED ON MARCH 30: MR. H. H. MARTIN.

Mr. Herbert Henry Martin, who was seventy-two, was a lifelong Evangelist and was Secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society from 1925 to 1951. He was well known for his relentless campaign against any infringement of "the traditional British Sunday," and strongly criticised cinemas, theatres and fun-fairs for opening on Sundays.



AT EAST-WEST TRADE TALKS: MR. H. STASSEN, DIRECTOR OF U.S. FOREIGN OPERATIONS ADMINISTRATION (CENTRE).

The three-Power talks on East-West trade were concluded at the Foreign Office on March 30. Our picture shows Mr. Stassen with the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Thorneycroft (left), and Lord Reading. Mr. Stassen made it clear that he had no objection about trade in peaceful goods with Russia.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. REAL CHINESE TASTE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WHEN is a collection a small one or a big one? I presume that depends upon several "variables," among them one's own personal taste, the size of one's house and the depth of one's pocket. I asked myself this question when a friend described the Woodthorpe porcelain (which by the time this note appears will have come up for sale at Sotheby's) as a small one. So be it—it's a small one—106 pieces according to the catalogue, and would that I owned one half or a quarter or a tenth of them. The point I want to make is that this is not an accumulation, but a well-regulated choice, by which, in this comparatively small compass, the Chinese achievement in porcelain from Sung times has been beautifully represented and due emphasis given to those seventeenth- and eighteenth-century pieces which so astonished the French Jesuit missionaries, and which several later writers have somewhat shamefacedly admired; you can almost see them shuffling about flat-footedly trying to reconcile their praise of the technical skill involved in such a masterpiece of its kind as the bowl of Fig. 1, with their suspicion that somehow it flouts "the inherent laws of design" and that, in this period, the potters "were losing a sense of material."

Anyway, this was a collection which—within certain limits—contained notable examples of both early and late porcelains (some of them perhaps not unfamiliar to those readers of this page who have attended the various Oriental Ceramic Society exhibitions), and had been gathered together in a comparatively short time—so that there is hope for all of us if our pockets are not too empty and we take a little trouble.

There were several reasons in the fairly recent past for the neglect of these wares. The first and most obvious was the interest aroused by the subtle and more simple beauties of the early pieces as they

third reason—perhaps the most important—is that even now the late types have been so copied, and sometimes degraded, by every European factory during the past 200 years that we have to make a considerable mental adjustment before we can look at them with unprejudiced eyes, still less comprehend the admiration they aroused when they were first seen. Even the terms coined by the French (who were the first to study the subject seriously) and which are still current—*famille-noire*, *verte* and *rose*—have become a trifle tarnished by custom. There was even a school of thought which accused the eighteenth-century Chinese

over the rim. Reign of Yung Ch'eng—that is, 1723–1735.

I suppose that if it is possible to generalise at all in these matters one could label the products of the previous century as splendid, and these eighteenth-century ones as elegant. Perhaps one could use similar adjectives to describe the change in the style of decoration in Europe. One could wish for more knowledge of the personalities responsible for all these changes, but in general we read of a few names and they mean very little. There is one man, however, who has some claim to be remembered as the greatest

potter of all time, T'ang Ying, who became chief assistant at the Imperial Porcelain Factory at Ching-Tê-Chên, in the province of Kiangsi, and director from 1736 to 1749; by all accounts a technician and administrator of the highest order who loved his job and lived among his workmen. Père d'Entrecolles, the French Jesuit who wrote such interesting letters home, described the cheerful bustling activity of Ching-Tê-Chên. Disaster came upon the place in 1853, when it was destroyed by the T'ai P'ing rebels. We are told it is still ruinous and sad, but what, after all, is a century or so in the history of China? It may yet re-create its ancient splendours.

The cup of Fig. 2 will be a more familiar shape to most of us—*famille-noire*, that is, with a ground which, though called black, is a greeny, lustrous black of great beauty, a typical product of the reign of K'ang Hsi (1662–1722), that near contemporary of Louis XIV. The plants in the compartments in *famille-verte* colours are emblematic of the seasons. The ornament round the rim is that known as "prunus on cracked ice." The little plate of Fig. 3, like the peach bowl, is Chinese taste, and one of those masterpieces which were not part of the normal export to Europe at the time it was made.

K'ang Hsi period, with the imitation mark of the Ming Emperor Ch'eng Hua (1465–1487)—not probably a forgery in our sense of the term, but a graceful compliment to the glories of the past. Once again a pretty symbolism, which requires a very considerable acquaintance with Taoist legend if we are to appreciate it fully. The Royal Mother of the



FIG. 1. DECORATED WITH FLOWERING AND FRUITING BRANCHES: A MAGNIFICENT *FAMILLE-ROSE* PEACH BOWL.
Yung Ch'eng mark and period. (Diam. 5½ ins.)

This bowl is decorated on the outside with two red bats and the lower part of a fruiting peach-tree with flanking branches turning over the rim inside the bowl with flowering and fruiting branches and three more red bats (*wu hung fu*), symbolising the Five Blessings; the whole painted in soft *yuan ts'ai* palette on the semi-eggshell body.

of degeneracy because, in evolving the delicate rose-pink (a colour derived from gold), they were borrowing a device from the West. It seems a trifle hard that so enterprising an industry should have been rebuked for adopting a foreign process.

The basis of the complaint really is that by the eighteenth century the potters had become

too clever by half and had acquired such extraordinary control over their materials and their kilns that they could play all kinds of tricks, which were sometimes little more than tricks. It was no doubt a mistake to reproduce in porcelain bamboo and wood and lacquer and mother-of-pearl. It was pious, if not original, to reproduce, with extraordinary fidelity, the masterpieces of the past. But such things were a small part of the total. The greater part was graceful, charming, perfect and new, as was, and is, this bowl (Fig. 1), with its lovely form, delicate drawing, nearly egg-shell body, "foreign colour" (that is, partly pink), palette and pretty symbolism, for the spoken word for peach sounds the same as the word for longevity, and the red bats signify vast happiness, so that a gift of a bowl such as this expresses "Many happy returns of the day" with singular felicity. Note also that the peach-tree grows up outside the bowl and then continues



FIG. 2. BRILLIANTLY ENAMELLED IN *FAMILLE-VERTE*: A SUPERB *FAMILLE-NOIRE* TALL CUP, ONE OF A PAIR.

Fang Sheng mark K'ang Hsi. (Height 2½ ins.)

The flowering plants, brilliantly enamelled in *famille-verte*, which occupy the petal-shaped compartments on this tall *famille-noire* cup, are emblematic of the seasons. The decoration round the rim is known as "Prunus on cracked ice."

began to reach Europe, and the realisation that a considerable proportion of the later wares which were already familiar were, in fact, made specifically for the export market and were not wholly characteristic of Chinese taste. The second—and here I speak feelingly from my own experience—was due, in part at least, to the way in which fine collections used to be shown in public galleries. Do you remember row after row, rank after rank, vase after vase, in black-painted case after black-painted case? Compare that with the present lively and ingenious methods of display, and it is little wonder that in those days some of us found the things a trifle tiresome, however remarkable their technical accomplishment. The



FIG. 3. WITH, IN THE CENTRE, FIGURES OF HSI WANG MU, THE WESTERN MOTHER, AND HER FAIRY HANDMAID TUNG SHUANG CH'ENG: A SMALL PLATE IN CHINESE TASTE.

Six character mark of Ch'eng Hua, period of K'ang Hsi. (Diam. 6½ ins.)

The decoration of this plate includes six butterflies in coloured enamels divided by small sprays of flowers, and in the centre Hsi Wang Mu and her fairy handmaid Tung Shuang Ch'eng on their journey to the Taoist Paradise; and, above, three red bats symbolising the Blessings.

Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.

West, holding a Ling Chih fungus, with a stag at her side; her fairy handmaid carries a peach; above them are three red bats. They are *en route* for Paradise, and what other goal could they reach on such a plate as this?

It would be tempting to illustrate more, if space allowed, but I see that one item—a glorious fifteenth-century blue-and-white bowl—got itself on this page as recently as January. The earlier examples include five first-class celadons of the Sung period and there is an interesting painting of a trial scene, probably by the Englishman Chinnery or one of his pupils.

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"THE JAPANESE GOYA": HOKUSAI DRAWINGS ON VIEW IN LONDON.



"BOY DRUMMING WHILE ANOTHER DANCES IN A MASK OF THE SHINTO DEITY SARUTA-HIKO-NO-MIKOTO": A REMARKABLE DRAWING BY HOKUSAI, THE JAPANESE ARTIST (1760-1849).



(ABOVE.)
"A RAT," ONE OF THE BRILLIANTLY OBSERVED ANIMAL DRAWINGS BY HOKUSAI ON VIEW AT THE ARTS COUNCIL GALLERY IN THE EXHIBITION OF DRAWINGS GENEROUSLY LENT FROM HIS COLLECTION BY MR. F. TIKOTIN.



(ABOVE.)
"CONVIVIAL SCENE; A MAN DANCING TO THE SAMISEN" AMID EMPTY BOTTLES.



"A PAIR OF SLEEPING DUCKS," A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE BRILLIANT EFFECT WHICH HOKUSAI OBTAINED IN SKETCHES IN WHICH HE USED THE GREATEST ECONOMY OF LINE.

AN Exhibition of Drawings and Water-colours by the Japanese artist Hokusai (1760-1849) opened last week at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square, where it will continue until May 1, after which it is to go on tour. The exhibits have been generously lent from his collection by Mr. F. Tikotin, and include line

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.)
"DUCK AND DRAKE," ONE OF THE SERIES OF REMARKABLE ANIMAL STUDIES IN THE EXHIBITION.



"A SCHOLAR AT HIS TABLE": AN EXAMPLE OF THE SCENES OF ORDINARY LIFE CHARACTERISTIC OF THE UKIYO-E SCHOOL, TO WHICH HOKUSAI BELONGED.

[Continued.]

drawings, executed with a brush, studies of animals, dancers, housewives, scholars, gods and devils, designs for fans; and a series of lovely water-colours of birds, flowers and fruit, at one time in the collection of M. Louis Gonsse. Hokusai was a member of the Ukiyoe School, which flourished in Japan in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and produced coloured woodcuts of contemporary life, which made a strong popular appeal, but were disapproved of by the intelligentsia, though they gave a fresh impetus to the last great period of Japanese art. Hokusai



"BIRDS AND TORTOISE AND A CRAB": A WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY HOKUSAI IN THE FAR-EASTERN TECHNIQUE, WHICH ALLOWS FOR NO SECOND THOUGHTS OR CORRECTIONS.

has long roused the admiration of Western art-lovers, and later became appreciated by his own countrymen. He has been called "the Rembrandt of Japan," but in his introduction to the exhibition catalogue, Mr. W. Jos de Gruyter draws a comparison between Hokusai and Goya. He notes that "Both were given to observing life in all its multitudinous aspects, accepting it as a whole, but always with intense feeling. Hardly a subject escaped their attention: landscape, animals, the cosmic phenomena, and, above all, man himself..."

Photographs of bird and animal drawings and the Scholar by courtesy of Mr. F. Tikotin.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

INTO THE PICTURE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN childhood I read with envious pleasure a story about the famous pictures that would open suddenly to let a watcher inside. The boy in this tale found himself walking down Hobbema's avenue between the poplars. I suppose that most of us have wanted to take that road at Middelharnis. To enter the frame, just as Alice went through the looking-glass or those other children through the arch of the Amulet, must be richly satisfying: I hope still to be lucky.



"VAL GIELGUD'S PLAY ABOUT THE CONSCIENCE OF A SCIENTIST HAS SO MUCH THEATRICAL STING AND WISE DEBATE THAT I SHALL BE SURPRISED IF WE DO NOT FIND IT IN THE WEST END DURING THE YEAR. AND THAT IS WHERE CHRISTINE BOCCA, WHO ACTED THE SCIENTIST'S WIFE, SHOULD BE": "THE BOMBHELL" (GRAND, CROYDON), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) AVICE BRUNTON (CHRISTINE BOCCA); JOHN BRUNTON (MICHAEL INGRAMS) AND SIR PERCIVAL BASTINE (PETER STEPHENS).

Often that story has returned to me in the theatre. It should be the first task of a dramatist to be hospitable, to beckon us within the frame, to put us into the picture. And not only a dramatist's task. It is a sovereign test of so much else. I have been reading two copious journals, both of which I know well. One of them continues to remain cold: pages of close print without any kind of summoning power. But I have only to open Parson Woodforde's journal to be swept straight off to Weston Parsonage in Norfolk more than a century and a half ago: there to meet, as friends, every member of that long-dead household, every neighbour, every passer-by. Woodforde summons without strain. We are in the picture at once, with such familiars as the Custances, or such charming phantoms as that "Miss Mist out of the West Country... about 17, very delicate and pleasing."

So in the theatre. Either a dramatist has this gift or he has not. Val Gielgud has it. His play, "The Bombshell," let me murmur hastily, is a very long way from Hobbema's avenue and Woodforde's diary. Indeed, I could hardly have reached the straight-thinking piece by a route more devious. "The Bombshell" was done by the repertory company at the Grand, Croydon, a theatre that is almost defiantly theatrical. This is no stage for any wisp of invention, any play that seems gently embarrassed to find itself before an audience. Clearly, to take the Croydon theatre you need to be a dramatist with something to say in dramatic terms. Mr. Gielgud can write a play that is at once stimulating as debate and theatrically true. I hope the West End will soon discover it.

Its theme reminds one a little of "The Burning Glass." Mr. Gielgud, too, is considering a scientist's conscience. A young physicist, whose work has been of more value than he realises, is hidden away in a provincial university. When the Government's adviser on nuclear fission seeks him in his Midland home with a flattering invitation to work in London, Mr. Gielgud poses a question of principle. To say more about the plot now would be to damp the dramatist's powder. Let me report simply that the play makes its flare. What satisfied me was to know, from the start, that these were people I could credit: the young man and his wife, who never fray our belief; the visitor from London, bred in a Charm School; the sophisticated sister-in-law. I was less sure about a left-wing journalist; a prickly-pear of a fellow:

but he was acted ably enough (by Will Leighton) to make me bury doubt.

In fact, the quality of the performance—after only a fortnight's rehearsal, under Anthony Péliissier—was surprising. I had not previously met Christine Bocca, the scientist's wife, or Joy Wood, as her sister. In future their names on a programme will convey a good deal. So will those of Michael Ingrams and Peter Stephens. As the nuclear fission expert, Mr. Stephens purred along like a cat-in-cream. He did everything but curl himself on the mat and wash his face. We shall certainly be hearing "The Bombshell" elsewhere. Meantime, it is agreeable to have gone within the picture.

Alas, it is impossible to say this of "The White Countess," which lasted at the Saville for only five performances (its reception at the première must have warned the cast that doom was nigh). The play is by J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes. Mr. Priestley has done so much for the stage that anything he writes demands attention; but this piece—set in Upper Austria during 1809—got far less of mine than I had hoped. Its people never took us with them for a moment. Visually, it was a remarkable picture (designed by Fanny Taylor). It was a refreshment to look at the Castle of Erdenstein at times: when we had had more than enough of its Countess Sophia.

She was an odd creature, with an elderly husband, various suitors, an inquiring mind, a trick of vacillation, and a curious air of being both before her era and some way behind it. Mr. Priestley and Miss Hawkes could not make me anxious to explore Sophia's soul. The beautiful Viveca Lindfors presented the woman with gallant resolution; and one actor—Robert Harris as a musician with the clue to the whole business—made me wish that Mr. Priestley, in his most masterful form, could devise a wholly sensible play for him. I hope there will be no recriminations about "The White Countess." Now that it is confined, I suggest that the dramatist takes down from his shelf "Eden End" and "The

Linden Tree," and reads them again with profit. We know what he can do when he wishes.

It was a relief to go to "Juno and the Paycock," to hear again (now at the New Lindsey) the O'Casey triumph matched only by "The Plough and the Stars." This is hardly a realistic picture of the Dublin tenements during the "troubles"; O'Casey has never been a strictly realistic dramatist. But the tragi-comedy is peopled by characters who are gloriously alive, who invite us to listen to them, to savour



THIS PLAY "IS PEOPLED BY CHARACTERS WHO ARE GLORIOUSLY ALIVE, WHO INVITE US TO LISTEN TO THEM, TO SAVOUR THEIR JOY IN WORDS": "JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK"—THE FIRST OF A SEASON OF IRISH PLAYS AT THE NEW LINDSEY THEATRE—SHOWING A SCENE IN WHICH "CAPTAIN" JACK BOYLE (LIAM REDMOND) TELLS MRS. MAISIE MADIGAN (NORA O'MAHONEY) THAT SHE CAN'T TAKE THE GRAMOPHONE AS IT HASN'T BEEN PAID FOR YET.

their joy in words. O'Casey's Dubliners do not tap off mild fragments of Morse. They talk in a rich flood. At this play, where broad comedy and black tragedy are near neighbours—as they were in the Elizabethan theatre—I think of one dialogue in particular. "Captain" Boyle, the Paycock, has been only once on the water, "in an oul' collier" from Dublin to Liverpool. But consider his conversation with that jackal Joxer Daly, to whom everybody is a darlin' man and everything a daarin' word.

"God be with the young days," says Joxer, "when you were steppin' the deck of a manly ship, with the win' blowin' a hurricane through the masts, and the only sound you'd hear was 'Port your helm!' an' the only answer, 'Port it is, Sir!'" And Boyle replies: "Them was days, Joxer, them was days. Nothin' was too hot or too heavy for me then. Sailin' from the Gulf of Mexico to the Antanarctic ocean. I seen things, I seen things, Joxer, that no mortal man should speak about that knows his Catechism. Ofen, an' ofen, when I was fixed to the wheel with a marlinspike, and the wins' blowin' fierce an' the waves lashin' and lashin', till you'd think every minute was goin' to be your last, an' it blowed, an' blowed—blew is the right word, Joxer, but blowed is what the sailors use..."

Joxer—rely on him—is ready with an enthusiastic "Aw, it's a darlin' word, a daarin' word." I always wished that my father, who himself sailed from the Gulf of Mexico to wherever it was that the Paycock meant, could have known this passage in the theatre. Certainly his laughter, when he saw it on the printed page, might have been heard across Cornwall.

It was an excitement to find once more the wind of O'Casey's genius blowing a hurricane. If this is not a major production—for, remembering other revivals, one has to say "Them was days, them was days!"—it is at least an understanding effort by an all-Irish cast. Liam Redmond, in Arthur Sinclair's old part, is one of the best contemporary Irish actors. We may miss Sinclair's famous vocal curlicues, and that sharp jut of the head, but we have Redmond's eloquently expressive face and his trick of artful understatement. Thanks to his resource, and to Harry Hutchinson's as the moulting draggletail, Joxer, we were in the picture at once; and none of the others in the cast hindered us. We were made welcome.



"THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF THE DUBLIN TENEMENTS DURING THE 'TROUBLES' OF 1922 RETURNS TO LONDON": "JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK" (NEW LINDSEY), SHOWING A SCENE FROM SEAN O'CASEY'S PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) MRS. MADIGAN (NORA O'MAHONEY); MRS. TANCRED (SHELA WARD); JUNO (PEGGY MARSHALL); MARY BOYLE (DOREEN KEOGH); JOXER DALY (HARRY HUTCHINSON); JOHNNY BOYLE (DESMOND JORDAN); "CAPTAIN" JACK BOYLE (LIAM REDMOND) AND BENTHAM (PAUL CONNELL).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

VARIETY (Palladium).—Nat "King" Cole, a suave singer, headed the bill; but my heart was with the comedians: Michael Bentine, exuberant fuzzy-wuzzy, and an American, Henny Youngman, who must cram more jokes into a minute than any comedian now operating. (March 22–April 3.)
 "THE BOMBHELL" (Grand, Croydon).—Val Gielgud's play about the conscience of a scientist has so much theatrical sting and wise debate that I shall be surprised if we do not find it in the West End during the year. And that is where Christine Bocca, who acted the scientist's wife, should be. (March 22–27.)
 "THE WHITE COUNTESS" (Saville).—J. B. Priestley and Jacquetta Hawkes were obviously out of touch with their characters, and with the audience; the production's short run—five performances—could not have been a surprise. But we wait with confidence for Mr. Priestley to come back to form. (March 24–27.)
 "JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK" (New Lindsey).—The tragi-comedy of the Dublin tenements during the "troubles" of 1922 returns to London, competently done, and more than competently when Liam Redmond's Paycock and Harry Hutchinson's Joxer are about. (March 30.)

THIS STRANGE WORLD: SOME UNUSUAL ITEMS IN THE NEWS.



A MODERN GERMAN CHURCH DESIGNED BY A COLOGNE ARCHITECT AND RECENTLY CONSECRATED: THE CHURCH OF ST. ALBERT IN SAARBRÜCKEN. The recently-completed Church of St. Albert in Saarbrücken is a brick building surmounted by a crown of concrete pillars which join at the dome. On the right is the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, which has an open spire which is also made of concrete pillars.



A DOG SHOW IN KOREA: MEN OF THE U.S. 1ST MARINE DIVISION WITH SOME OF THE WINNERS AFTER THE JUDGING BY THE DIVISIONAL COMMANDER AND OTHERS. A dog show was recently held by men of the U.S. 1st Marine Division in Korea, and what the dogs may have lacked in points was made up in other ways. Men of one of the Division's anti-tank companies, shown here, called their entrants "Pedigreed Dogs of Rice Paddy Stock."



A NEW TYPE OF TELEPHONE CALL-BOX IN THE U.S. WHICH LEAVES THE CALLER'S HANDS FREE. This photograph of a new U.S. telephone kiosk, shows the operating key, volume control, microphone and loud-speaker. On entering the box the caller lifts the operating key and asks for his number and holds a conversation, his voice being picked up by a tiny microphone. A small loud-speaker takes the place of the normal earphone.



"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST"—IN VEGETABLES, WITH A CARROT NOSE; BY GIUSEPPE ARCIMBOLDI (1533-1593)



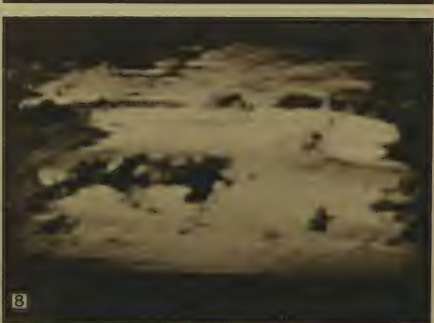
"A HUMAN HEAD"—IN FISH AND SHELLS WHICH PREFIGURES SURREALISTIC ART; BY GIUSEPPE ARCIMBOLDI. Picasso's "Lady in a Fish Hat," and other fantasies of contemporary painters, such as Dali and the Surrealists, have their precursors in the work of Giuseppe Arcimboldo, a favourite artist of the Emperors Maximilian II. and Rudolph II., in whose service he was employed for most of his life. The examples we reproduce have been on view in a recent Paris Art Gallery exhibition.



BEING EXHIBITED UNDER WATERLOO BRIDGE: "JONAH, THE GIANT WHALE" ON VIEW IN LONDON. THIS PRESERVED WHALE HAS BEEN TOURING HOLLAND, BELGIUM, GERMANY AND FRANCE. An unusual London exhibit is "Jonah, the Giant Whale," which arrived from Dunkirk at the end of March in a Dutch coaster. It was first seen by the London public under Waterloo Bridge, on the South Bank, on April 2. The whale, which was killed off Trondheim, Norway, in September 1952, is 65 ft. long and has been kept in good condition by an internal refrigeration plant and daily injections of formalin.



GETTING THE "INSIDE" STORY OF A WHALE: A VISITOR PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE GIANT MAMMAL'S MOUTH.



THE HYDROGEN BOMB THAT "MISFIRED"—YET, EVEN SO, MAN'S GREATEST EXPLOSION, UNTIL THE
 This remarkable numbered sequence of sixteen pictures from a film just released by the U.S. Civil Defence Administration shows the explosion of the first U.S. hydrogen bomb or "thermo-nuclear device." This took place on November 1, 1952, and it was disclosed on February 17, 1954, that this explosion completely destroyed the islet on which it was located and made a crater in the ocean floor a mile in diameter and 175 ft. deep at its lowest point. The destructive effect, however, of the hydrogen bomb which was exploded at Bikini on March 1 this year was so very much greater that it has now been assumed that the Eniwetok bomb was a virtual "misfire." During the spread of the reports which followed the second test, the theory has been expressed that this second test "got out of

FAR GREATER EXPLOSION ON MARCH 1: THE ENIWETOK HYDROGEN BOMB TEST OF NOV., 1952.
 control." This was not the case. The principle of the hydrogen bomb depends on the reaction of tritium ("extra-heavy hydrogen"), and this can only take place at an extremely high temperature, such as that provided by the use of a plutonium atom bomb acting as detonator. It is now assumed that in the first test only a part of the tritium mass was detonated; but that in the second test, the detonation was much more complete. It was the success of this detonation which "surprised" the scientists, since the total possible maximum effect of the explosion can always be calculated, and there is "no possibility of the earth, sea or atmosphere catching fire." Further U.S. hydrogen bomb tests have been postponed, pending the developments of new safeguards.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is all very well to be superior to the historical novel, label it bogus history and false creation and plume oneself on not enjoying it. But even those who are put off by its romantic element—perhaps less creditably than they think—should realise that in one aspect it is unapproachable. No “pure” historian can answer half as vividly the first and last question of all: What were these people like? The more remote they are, either in time or in tradition, the more imperatively we need telling. And if we don’t know that, nothing we do know is at all alive. Of course, it may be said: Nobody knows, and these fictitious answers are a sham. In that case, liveliness and plausibility are all in all; the straight historian has no advantage, and “The Long Ships,” by Frans Bengtsson (Collins; 15s.), is just as wonderful as it appears. And it appears superb. If vikings at the end of the tenth century were not like this, we might as well give up the subject. They could be no more plausible than this; and they could never possibly be more engaging. All Nordic gloom, all saga-like reserve of speech goes by the board. These Northmen are loquacity itself. Yarning, and verse-making if they can do it, are their chief delights, after ale, homicide and plunder. In fact, the bloodiest exploit seems to be mainly prized as the material for a good story. They are good-natured, too—setting aside their predatory habits, their concern with “face,” and their alarming sense of fun. One can’t help liking them enormously; and one can see the days of chivalry are not far off. Meanwhile, the known world is their oyster, and in this book (to change the metaphor) it is ranged far and wide. The story is immensely long, full of historic sidelights and extravagant romance, and entertaining all the way. Though not all equally exciting. Part One, entitled “The Long Voyage,” has almost a monopoly of drive.

Its voyager is the young son of a chieftain on the Scanian coast. This year, Orm should have gone a-viking with the family; but, as his mother’s favourite, he has been left to mind the sheep. As a result, he is shanghaied by Krok and his companions, who are heading westward. They sack a fortress in the north of Spain, lose all their booty to the Moors, and spend three years as galley-slaves—and then another four, active and highly profitable—in Almansur’s guard. After a spot of homicide, they make off in a stolen ship, with the great bell of Compostella—which they present in Jellinge to King Harald Bluetooth, who has adopted Christianity in his old age. Orm fights a Christmas duel in the great hall, and falls in love with one of King Harald’s daughters. That is the end of the “long voyage.” Later, in England, after King Ethelred’s defeat at Maldon, he is baptised and married. Then comes a spell of home life on the Scanian border; and then a perilous journey up the Dnieper, for an inheritance of “Bulgar gold.” These later parts are rather scrappy and diffuse. But they resolve one point about the Northmen: how, being like this, they came to take up Christianity. It is a puzzling question in itself, and a conundrum in the first part of the story. Then it becomes a fount of comedy.

OTHER FICTION.

“The Last Barricade,” by Mervyn Jones (Cape; 12s. 6d.), brings a great change of climate. Acarin was once revolutionary President of a far country; but fifteen years ago he was thrown out. Since when he has been living in a London suburb and plotting all the time. He has no contact with the English; indeed, can’t stand the sight of them. They lack his “reaching, straining discontent”—they are not blowing each other up. He has no interest in his sons, who are both commonplace, and keen on their own lives. The only being he cares for is a one-man and ferocious dog; and when a policeman calls about the dog, he is convinced the Government are on his trail. Which is, of course, nonsensical. Everyone looks upon his “work” as a pathetic farce: everyone but his younger son’s fiancée. This is hard luck on Francis—blighted, unloved, yearning for someone of his very own, and then done out of her by the paternal enemy. . . .

Yet she is right, for Acarin is right. He is a man as men should be—selfless, and too high for the world around. Even old Cooper, who was a Labour champion in youth, is now a mellow, genial old humbug. But Acarin has never changed; and his last hour, in the dominion of a stupid nurse, is one of lyric victory for the Idea. I thought he was a *Führer* and a menace. But you can take your choice; the author has decided talent, tries, though unevenly, to give the vulgar party a square deal, and has at any rate something to say.

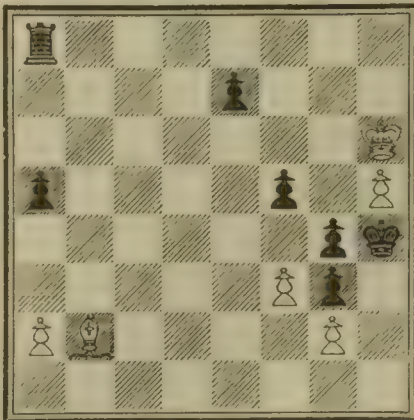
“Golden Admiral,” by F. van Wyck Mason (Jarrolds; 12s. 6d.), might have paired off agreeably with “The Long Ships”; it is a story of Sir Francis Drake, starting in 1585, when he began “annoying the King of Spain,” and winding up with the Armada. Only, alas, it is not good enough. The writer is American; and, as Americans so often do, he has produced a lavish Henty for grown-ups. In spite of its fictitious hero, its two dramatic love-affairs, and its “corrected,” denigrating attitude to Gloriana, I found it heavy going. As an example of the dialogue: “Surely, friend Coffyn, you are funning me?” And at a sentimental crisis: “Because strength seemed suddenly to ebb from her legs Kate collapsed, rather than sat, upon an uncomfortable oaken armchair of that sort which had been fashionable during the reign of the present Queen’s father.”

In “Double Acrostic,” by George Goodchild (Rich and Cowan; 9s. 6d.), Inspector McLean confronts a mystery so total as almost to prevent a start. We have the very slight advantage of a curtain-raiser. During a voyage home from Bombay, young Harry Montague falls for a flame-haired beauty named Denise, and gives alternate evenings to a bridge party. Among the bridge-players is Mr. Peyton, a skilled, unsociable soak, who, in his only drunken fit, says he is going home to commit a murder. And then, McLean is called in to investigate a body on a Surrey heath. The victim has no past; for though he turns out to be Mr. Peyton, that was a false identity. And though Denise could help, she is not talking, and is soon removed. Inquiry would end there, but for a deal of luck, and some obliging folly in the criminals. Not, therefore, a good “case”; but not bad as a story.—K. JOHN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FEW people know that Vassily Smyslov, who is battling for the World Championship as I write, is responsible for one of the most brilliant end-game studies ever composed.



The problem is: White to play, and draw.

You would not expect him, the exchange and a pawn to the bad, to hand away his bishop—but that is what he does! That is how he saves the game.

1. B-B6ch!! P×B

Obviously forced.

2. P-B4

The motive of these weird manoeuvres only becomes clear in course of time.

Black has now some choice.

He could try 2. . . R-KKt1, which would be answered by 3. P-R4 and, if 3. . . R-Rich; 4. K-Kt6, R×P; 5. K-Kt7, leading to a position identical with that from the main line of play, and which we explain below.

He could also play to pick up White’s pawn at bottom left of the diagram, by 2. . . R-QB1, but then, after 3. K-Kt6, R-B7; 4. P-R6, he finds he hasn’t the time for the job: 4. . . R×RP?? 5. P-R7, and this pawn queens, giving mate, next move. So:

2. R-Rich R×P

3. K-Kt7

Or 3. . . R-QB1; 4. K-Kt6 as before.

4. P-R4

What a comic situation! Black is a rook and two pawns to the good, but he cannot move his king or any of his pawns, and his rook, wherever it moves, can be taken. “Well,” he decides, “I can get another pawn for it and with three extra pawns, surely I can win.”

4. R-Kt4ch K-R4

5. . . R-R4ch; 6. K-Kt2 would only repeat the previous position.

6. K-R7 R-Kt3

Again 6. . . K-R5 or 6. . . R-R4ch would only repeat.

7. K-R8!!

and Black can never get any further, for 7. . . K-R3 would give stalemate, whilst 7. . . R-R3ch; 8. K-Kt7 would take Black no nearer to the solution of that indeed insoluble problem: how to un-jam his king or rook? The motive of White’s first two moves becomes apparent at last: to lure Black’s pieces into this fantastically original drawing situation.

A FULL HOUSE OF BUTLERS.

VOLUMES of reminiscences are usually easy to enjoy, and as easy to forget. On occasion, they can be presented as suitable, if formal, gifts to persons whom one does not know very well, when it is unnecessary to ransack the silver cupboard. Very rarely does one long to give them to one’s most appreciative friends, or to read them aloud at home. Into this rare and delightful class come Lord Grantley’s memoirs, “Silver Spoon,” edited by Mary and Alan Wood (Hutchinson; 18s.). The author’s career has been pleasantly bizarre, and matches the setting provided by his family. His father, for instance, electrified what was left of Society to be electrified in 1943, by being cited as a co-respondent in a divorce case at the age of eighty-seven, and presented his grandson, recently commissioned and just about to go overseas, with a handsome tip of ten shillings.

Lord Grantley himself ran true to form by being sent down from Oxford and incurring debts to the tune of £45,000, and later engaged in the seemingly incompatible avocations of high finance, the film industry, motor racing and elegant conversation. It would be difficult for any other man, I fancy, to sustain the description firmly affixed to him by his publisher’s blurb as “the most amusing raconteur in London Society”—the vision called up by this is quite appalling!—but Lord Grantley not only survives it; he wins through triumphantly. Early in the book, he tells us of how he had to battle his way through the drunken crowds after the 1911 Coronation: “I met one charming individual who announced to me quite openly that he was ‘On the job.’ On my asking him politely what job he was on, he made it clear that his occupation was snaffling wallets in crowds. Clutching my own meagre purse, I congratulated him on the admirable opportunities the evening would seem to afford, and passed on as quickly as the throng permitted.” The whole book is filled, as memoirs should be, with excellent stories of the great and humble—none of them, perhaps, better than that of “F.E.” replying to Lord Parmoor on behalf of the Government in the Lords: “My Lords, we have listened with waning interest to a lengthy exposition of the Noble Lord’s personal opinions on this abstruse subject, which opinions he has been at pains to deliver from a typed document, and—judging from the method of delivery—ill-typed at that. . . .” (“F.E.” stories are, of course, legion, but they all have one quality in common—they acquire fresh magic with each repetition and are never, like the chestnuts of botany, indigestible!) But I think what I enjoyed most in Lord Grantley’s easy flow of reminiscences were the butlers. These butlers recur, in a kind of constant and inharmonious Greek Chorus, agitating nervous hostesses with ill-timed gaucheries; loudly refusing, with Queen Mary present at the luncheon table, to pay three-and-a-penny for a C.O.D. parcel from Selfridge’s; announcing Princess Arthur of Connaught with the uninspired comment, “She’s here”! The hands of most writers of memoirs contain quite as royal a flush of Dukes and Princes; but nothing, I think, could outpoint Lord Grantley’s full house of butlers!

Another good volume of reminiscences, in quite a different vein, comes from the pen of Miss Meriel Buchanan, daughter of Sir George Buchanan, British Ambassador at St. Petersburg in the 1914-1918 War, under the title of “Queen Victoria’s Relations” (Cassell; 18s.). This book reminded me—and not only because of its title—of samplers, water-colours and fine needlework, of leisure and grace and lady-like accomplishments. These are qualities which it is easy to despise or ignore, but they are none the worse for tasting a trifle insipid to the worn-out modern palate. Miss Buchanan’s judgments are gentle. I have never before felt it necessary to be sorry for King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, but I shall not soon forget Miss Buchanan’s portrait of the tired, sad old man, tending his beloved birds and murmuring “*Tout s’écroule autour de moi*.” Nor shall I forget the even more surprising vignette of Queen Victoria bearing contradiction from a young Foreign Office official with meekness and sorrow. Each of these ten studies is more striking than the author’s mild style would at first lead one to suppose.

This week’s collection of books is full of surprises. Sir Charles Tennyson maintains, in “Six Tennyson Essays” (Cassell; 15s.), that Alfred, Lord Tennyson, is “the most humorous of all the great English poets since Chaucer.” He goes on to make an exception in favour of Shakespeare—and that in itself put me on my guard, because it has always appeared to me that Shakespeare’s humour plumbed the very depths of dreary Renaissance slapstick. I wish that I could endorse Sir Charles’s fascinating challenge, which the first of his essays is devoted to upholding. It certainly gave me an entirely new approach to that formidable Victorian—whom I always visualise as shouting, and smoking (if I may re-quote one of the neatest parodies ever written) “the early pipe of half-awakened bards”—but it seemed to me that the tramp of the upper middle-class elephant had laid waste the shy, green shoots of burgeoning humour. All the other essays are excellent. They taught me much about Lord Tennyson’s politics—and I long to have an after-

dinner discussion with Sir Charles about his estimate of the great Laureate’s religion. As a child one was made to learn only the sententious bits—and in that particular chapter I believe that Sir Charles makes some really valid and interesting points.

Religion reappears in “Temples of the Sun and Moon,” a “Mexican journey,” by Michael Swan (Cape; 21s.)—as it could not fail to do in any account of that distracted country. But the point, to the reader of this most beautifully produced book, will be the discoveries and the comments of the author, especially those relating to the ancient civilisations of which Macaulay rashly asserted that “every schoolboy” would have heard. Mr. Swan’s style is a real delight.

From Mexico we return to Sardinia, with Mr. Alan Ross’s “The Bandit on the Billiard Table” (Verschoyle; 25s.). The title, taken in conjunction with the dust cover, which shows two extremely tough and intransigent young gentlemen, led me to imagine that this might be a moral treatise directed against pin-table saloons. But it is something far better than that, and connoisseurs of out-of-the-way journeyings could not do better than add it to their list. E. D. O’BRIEN.



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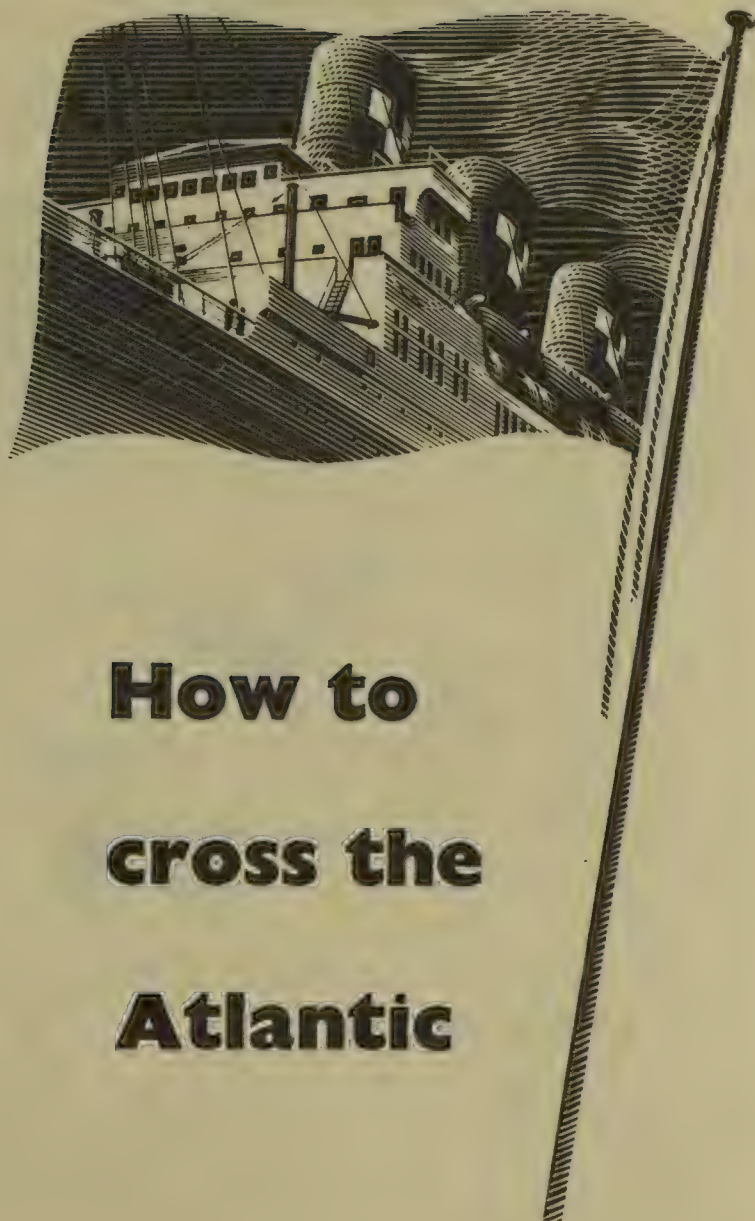
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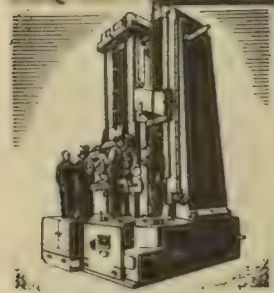
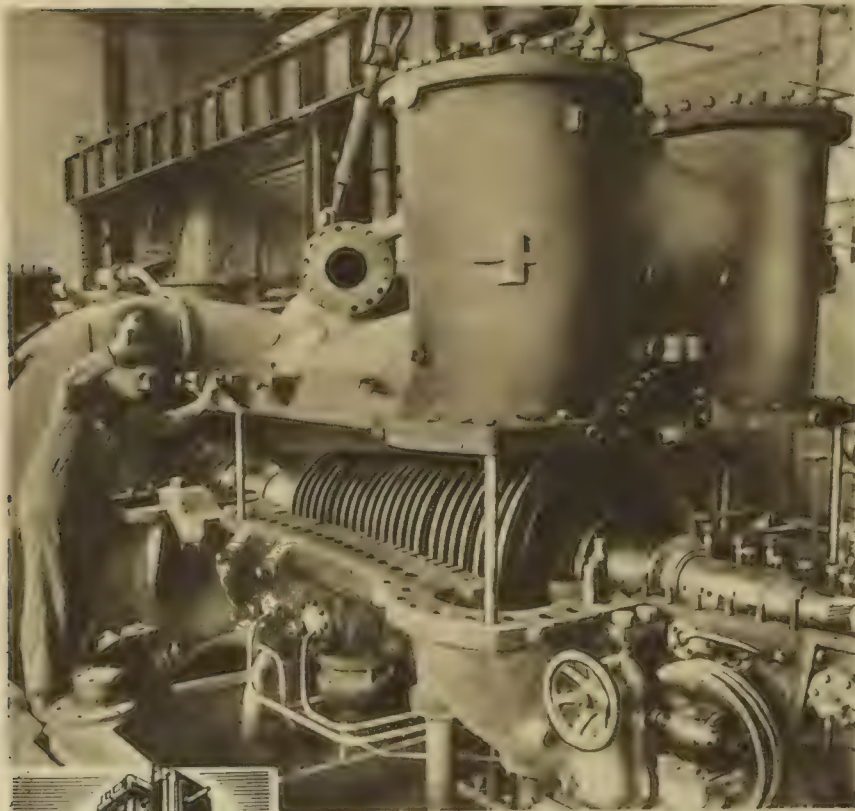
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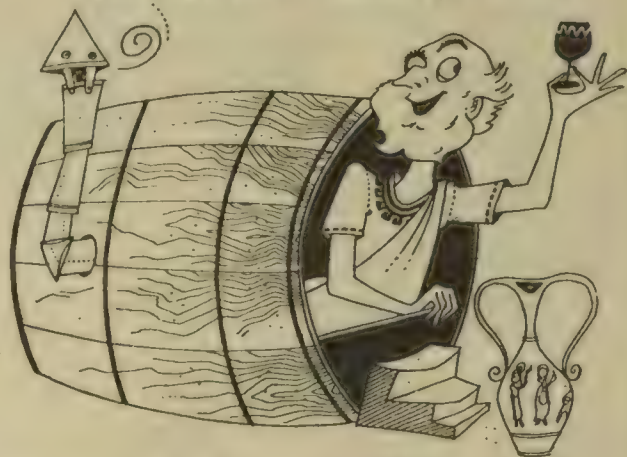
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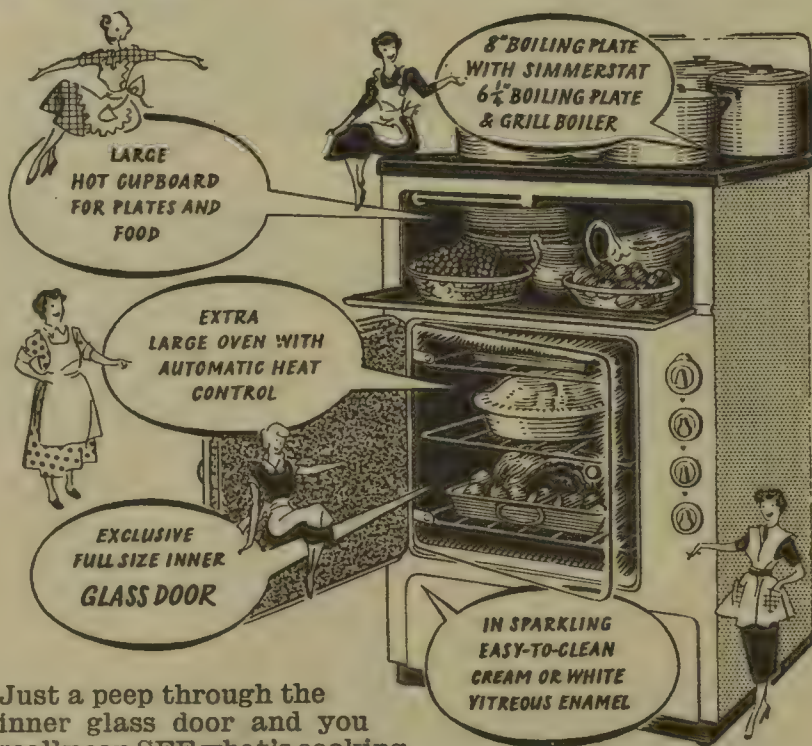
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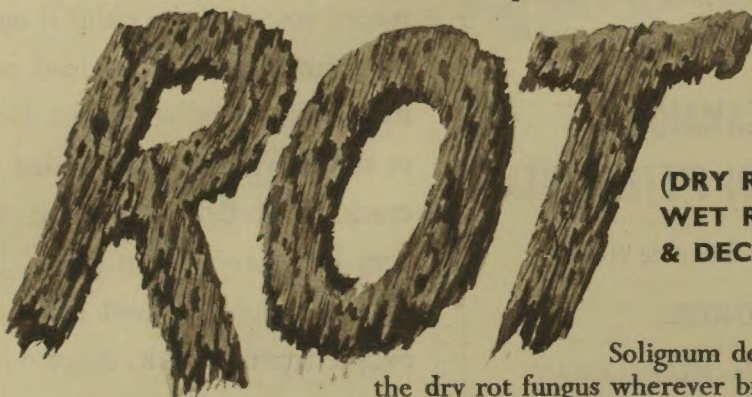
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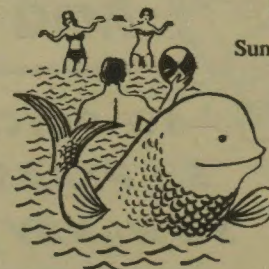
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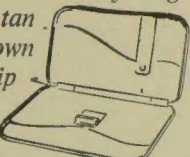
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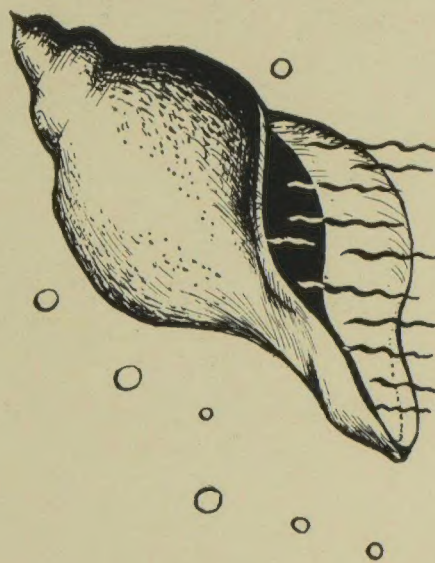
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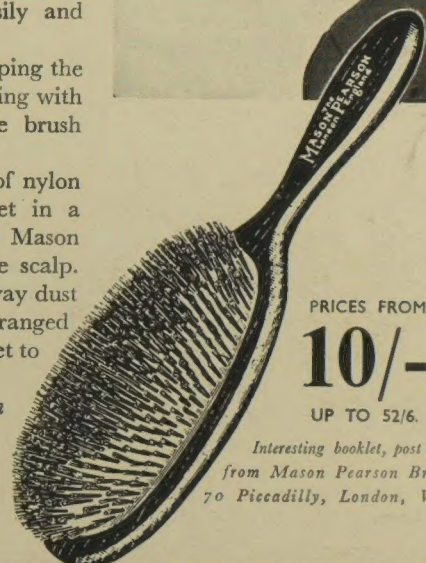
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